

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884.

WITH SIXPENCE.
TWO SUPPLEMENTS By Post, 6¹/₂d.



THE CAUSEWAY GATE, SOUAKIM, ON THE RED SEA.
FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

BIRTHS.

On Sunday, the 6th inst., at 46, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris, Countess Telfener, of a son and heir.

On Nov. 22, at San Jorge, Banda Oriental, the wife of Charles E. Hall, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On Nov. 30, at Rangoon, British Burmah, Kenneth George Fraser, only son of A. F. Lingham, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 16th ult., at Wynberg, Cape of Good Hope, Ida, the only daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Dwyer, aged 16 years and 4 months.

On the 1st inst., at the Rectory, Cranham, near Romford, Essex, the Rev. Charles Rew, B.D., Rector of the parish, and late a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxon, aged 69.

On the 2nd inst., at her residence, 3, The Grove, Boltons, S.W., the Lady Amelia Rose Jebb, widow of the late Major-General Sir Joshua Jebb, R.E., K.C.B., and daughter of the second Earl of Chichester, in her 78th year.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W.; Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	Rain in 24 hours, in inches.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.					
December	Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°				Miles.	In.
23	30.339	39.8	31.8	73	6	49.7	34.0	NW.			156	0.000
24	30.505	44.9	44.7	99	10	48.0	32.1	WNW. WSW.			155	0.010
25	30.447	41.2	40.7	96	10	46.3	40.1	WNW. W.			45	0.015
26	30.496	40.6	40.4	99	10	42.8	38.3	SSE.			48	0.015
27	30.354	37.5	36.8	97	10	41.3	35.0	ESE. NE. ENE.			60	0.020
28	30.284	41.8	38.9	90	9	43.1	38.7	ESE.			14	0.015
29	30.200	39.3	38.4	96	10	42.3	35.8	E.			44	0.010
30	30.378	37.9	33.4	86	10	39.7	36.7	NE.			193	0.000
31	30.433	37.0	31.0	81	10	38.2	35.4	ESE.			363	0.000
1	30.232	34.4	31.3	89	10	36.6	31.8	ESE.			283	0.005
2	30.036	40.6	39.0	94	10	43.5	35.9	ESE.			119	0.080
3	32.946	47.6	46.9	98	10	52.2	41.6	ESE. SSW. SW.			153	0.115
4	30.118	47.7	46.9	97	10	49.5	45.3	SSW.			60	0.005
5	29.885	47.9	46.8	96	10	49.7	44.2	SSW. S. SW.			273	0.175

* Snow.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:-

FROM DECEMBER 22 TO DECEMBER 23.											
Barometer (in inches) corrected	30.241	30.488	30.354	30.447	30.407	30.308	30.254				
Temperature of Air	42.9°	45.9°	42.7°	39.6°	37.0°	40.9°	39.7°				
Temperature of Evaporation	38.6°	44.7°	42.5°	39.0°	36.7°	40.4°	39.2°				
Direction of Wind	WNW.	WSW.	WNW.	SSE.	ESE.	ESE.	E.				

FROM DECEMBER 30 TO JANUARY 5.											
Barometer (in inches) corrected	30.358	30.417	30.301	30.163	29.913	30.133	30.066				
Temperature of Air	38.8°	36.9°	35.7°	34.6°	49.1°	47.3°	47.7°				
Temperature of Evaporation	37.7°	34.6°	33.6°	27.6°	48.2°	46.8°	46.7°				
Direction of Wind	NE.	ENE.	ESE.	ESE.	SSW.	SSW.	W.				

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.

Also Trains in connection with Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.

Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

Cheap Half-Guinea First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m.

Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.

Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays. All Services 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, from Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 38s., 30s.

Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c.

Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KILPATRICK, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—THEATRICAL SEASON 1883-4.

The following are the arrangements:-

OPERETTES Between Dec. 15, 1883, and Jan. 15, 1884.

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE. LE PETIT FAUST.

Executed by the celebrated Parisian Artists, assisted by a Company of Forty-five Artists and Chorists.

Madlle. Jeanne Granier, Madlle. Helen Scheffer, Madlle. Heine Scheffer.

ITALIAN OPERAS. Jan. 19 to March 15.

The following Operas will be given:-

IL BALLO IN MASCHERA, IL DIAVOLO, IL TROVATORE.

PRINCIPAL ARTISTES: Mesdames Fides Devries, Salia, Novelli, Monsieur Mierzinski.

Messieurs Pandolphe, Bouly, Vergnet, Castelmary.

The interval of these representations will be interspersed by several GRAND CONCERTS.

at the termination of which another series of OPERETTES will be produced between March 15 and April 15.

TIR AUX PIGEONS. GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCHES—JANUARY TO MARCH.

Wednesday, Jan. 16: Grande Poule d'Essai.—Work of Art, added to a poule of 100f. ea.

Friday, Jan. 18: Prix d'Ouverture.—Work of Art and 2000f., added to 100f. entrance.

Monday, Jan. 21: Grand Prix du Casino.—Work of Art and 2000f., added to 200f. ent.

Tuesday, Jan. 22: Repetition Grand Prix du Casino.—Work of Art and 2000f., added to 200f. entrance.

Thursday, Jan. 24: Prix de Monte Carlo.—Work of Art and 3000f., added to 100f. ent.

Saturday, Jan. 26: Prix de Consolation.—Work of Art and 1000f. Conditions not fixed.

PROGRAMME OF BI-WEEKLY MATCHES.

Friday, Feb. 1: Three Pigeons, 25 metres. Prix de St. Quentin.

Monday " 4: Handicap, Three Pigeons. Prix A. Yeo.

Friday " 8: Three Pigeons, 25 metres. Prix C. Pennell.

Monday " 11: Three Pigeons, 25 metres. Prix Roberts.

Friday " 15: Three Pigeons, 25 metres. Prix Hoopwood.

Monday " 18: Handicap, Three Pigeons. Prix Lafont.

Friday " 22: Three Pigeons, 25 metres. Prix Esterhazy.

Monday " 25: Handicap, Three Pigeons. Prix du Comité.

Friday " 29: Three Pigeons, 27 metres. Prix Camauet.

Monday, Mar. 3: Handicap, Three Pigeons. Prix de Ma. s.

N.B.—The Prizes in the foregoing consist of Works of Art, added to a Poule of 50f. each.

GRAND PRIX DE CLOTURE. Wednesday, March 5, A Work of Art, and 3000f., Twelve Pigeons; of which Six at 25 metres.

Thursday, March 6, A Work of Art, and 3000f.; Six Pigeons, at 25 metres.

A. BLONDIN.

CANNES.—The Committee of Local Interest are desirous of making known to intending visitors to this deservedly recommended thermal resort that the general public health was never more satisfactory than at present.

The hotels, villas, and pensions are rapidly filling with English families, many of whom annually visit the town, either to repair their health or profit by a residence in a place so remarkable for the softness of its air, the mildness of its climate, and the beauty of its luxuriant vegetation—and, at the same time, to find a shelter from the piercing mistral, the damp breezes of the east, and the cold and penetrating north winds.

During the summer recess everything that could be done to contribute to the improved health of its visitors has been accomplished, as far as time would allow, and the continuance of which work will ever be the earnest study of the municipality and town of Cannes.

New sewers have been successfully laid down under the advice and superintendence of an English Engineer and Surveyor of a thorough revision of the Town drainage has been effected, at a cost exceeding £10,000.

A New Grand Boulevard has been opened, fresh roads constructed, and water of the purest brought from afar.

For the accommodation of such persons and families as may contemplate a sojourn at Cannes, there are nearly 500 Villas, furnished, and upwards of seventy Hotels and Pensions. Some of the Hotels have been constructed on the grandest scale compatible with sanitary arrangements, and the comfort of English with European luxury. In many, lifts have been provided for the more easy access to their many hundred rooms, commanding magnificent views, with south aspect, and sheltered position. Beautiful Gardens, with Lawn-Tennis grounds, and other outdoor pastimes, have been provided to make the time glide pleasantly away.

There are shops where every article of English requirement can be obtained: beautiful promenades, Churches of several denominations; Clubs, Theatre, Casino; English Doctors, Dentists, and Chemists; English House Agents, Bankers, Wine Merchants, and Librarians.

The following visitors have arrived—Lord and Lady Acton, the Marquis and Marchioness Alais, Lord Dundas, Lord Keane, Lady Lennox, Lady Molyneux, Lady Beaumont, and Lady Poltimore—altogether with upwards of 600 English families. The Empress of Russia is daily expected, as also many Princes and Monarchs.

Cannes, Dec. 3, 1883.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. Is.

"ANNO DOMINI," the great Picture by Edwin Long, R.A., with Professor Ciseri's grand work, CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other grand works, now ON VIEW, at the GALLERIES, 103, New Bond-street, from Ten to Six daily. Admission, 1s.

INSTITUTE OF

PAINTERS IN

OIL COLOURS,

PICCADILLY.

GALLERIES ILLUMINATED

ON DARK DAYS and after 3 p.m. Every Day.

OPEN FROM 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission, 1s.; Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.; Season Tickets, 5s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—The MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NINETEENTH ANNUAL SERIES of NEW-YEAR'S FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES.

EVERY AFTERNOON at THREE. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. Until WEDNESDAY NEXT, JAN. 16, after which date the Day Performances will be resumed in their regular order.

THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME, which has been in daily rehearsal for many weeks past, will be REPLET with the CHOICEST GEMS OF MELODY, sung by the world-famed Choir of the Company.

NEW AND SPARKLING SCINTILLATIONS OF GENUINE BUT REFINED HUMOUR.

SIDE-SPLITTING BURLESQUES AND COMICALITIES BY THE POWERFUL PHALANX OF COMEDIANS.

The day performances will be precisely the same in every respect to those given at night, and without curtailment or mutilation; yet terminating in good time to admit of visitors dining and afterwards going to see one of the Pantomimes at night.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL, Regent-street and Piccadilly.

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S NINETEENTH ANNUAL DAY AND NIGHT MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC FETE

will take place on TUESDAY, JAN. 22, 1884, in the afternoon at 2.30. EVENING at 7.30.

Upon which occasion all the PRINCIPAL ARTISTS connected with the West-End Theatre will lend their invaluable aid.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will also present a New and Brilliant Programme.

Full particulars will be shortly announced.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, and all the principal Libraries.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LINGHAM-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—A MOSS ROSE REENT, by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caddicot; after which Mr. Corney Grain's New Musical sketch, MASTER TOMMY'S SCHOOL. Concluding with a new Second Part, entitled A WATER CURE, by Arnold Felix; Music by George Gear. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three. Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.

COURT THEATRE, Sloane-square.—Lessees and Managers, Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, a New Play, entitled THE MILLIONAIRE, by G. W. Godfrey. Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree, Miss H. Lindley, Miss Cowie, and Miss Eweretta Lawrence; Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Charles Sugden, Mr. G. Trent, Mr. Maurice, Mr. C. Seyton, Mr. Chubb, and Mr. John Clayton.—Box-Office hours, Eleven till Five. No fees. Doors open 7.40.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume Eighty-three (from July 7 to December 29, 1883) of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had Gratis through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C. London.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884.

Fifteen months ago the British Government, almost against its will, found Egypt on its hands. Our troops were to occupy the valley of the Nile till a new administrative system had been built up. Lord Dufferin, and after that accomplished diplomatist Sir Evelyn Baring, laboriously set to work to frame a new scheme of government, which might ensure order, security, and freedom in that distracted country. It was perfect—on paper. The Khedive loyally supported our officials, and Europe looked on with curiosity not unmixed with envy at the experiment, and something of wonder at British disinterestedness. From the first, however, the Ministers of Tewfik Pasha, saturated with Oriental ideas, offered a quiet, passive resistance to the distasteful reforms. Their position was analogous to that of the Italian duchies before the era of independence, when the rulers of those little States, being protected by Austrian bayonets, did what was right in their own eyes, and their subjects were the victims of a grinding tyranny. Relying upon the inevitable support of our troops against a popular rising, Cherif Pasha and his colleagues have pursued the old courses. But the terrible outbreak of cholera last summer revealed their sheer incapacity and obstinacy, and when, later on, the news arrived of the catastrophe in the Soudan—a disaster caused by the supreme folly and heartlessness of native officials—the entire system of corrupt administration sustained under our auspices fell to pieces, and British intervention in some shape became inevitable.

Her Majesty's Ministers have not put their foot down a moment too soon. To the feeble demand that the province of the Soudan shall be reconquered, they have responded with a peremptory *non possumus*. England will not undertake a task to which Egypt is quite unequal. The vast outlying provinces bordering on the White Nile have thrown off its yoke, and the Khedive's Ministers are advised—advice being in this case a command—to make Wady Halfa on the Second Cataract, more than five hundred miles from Cairo, the southern boundary of the kingdom, and to allow the eastern portion of the Soudan to be reoccupied by Turkey. This last is a most dangerous concession which, it is hoped, will not be accepted by the Sultan, though he regards his prestige as Caliph as having been lowered by the success of the Madhi. The new programme implies that England will be responsible for the defence of Upper Egypt, but that Khartoum will, unless circumstances greatly alter, have to be abandoned. In the capital of the Soudan are immured not only a large Egyptian garrison, but many Europeans. "Chinese"

Gordon would fain have it defended, but admits that without camels, the "ships of the desert," nothing can be done to relieve Khartoum.

The sound sense of the Khedive accepts the inevitable. For the good of his country, he will continue to be "loyal to England," and has no thought of abdicating. His Ministers are quite unequal to a crisis which can only end in the destruction of native misrule. They have resigned, though with a very ill grace. Cherif Pasha and his colleagues, in a letter to the Khedive, attribute their retirement to the demand of England that they should abandon the Soudan, and because they "are prevented from governing in accordance with the Constitution." This display of spleen has not, however, prevented Nubar Pasha, the most capable of Egyptian statesmen, and a man imbued with European ideas, from accepting the onerous task of forming a new Cabinet. His colleagues are Egyptian nobodies, who will be no help to him, but a source of weakness. Whether or not the Premiership of Nubar Pasha is an adequate solution of the crisis may, therefore, be questioned. If not, the country must come under the exclusive rule of British officials, and be occupied by our troops for a term of years, during which radical reforms in the administration can be effected. It is curious to note that the course which our Government has so reluctantly taken is unanimously advocated by European opinion. While the German press insist upon English rule in Egypt as the only alternative of anarchy, the Paris newspapers are obliged to declare themselves in favour of the same policy.

One of the questions that will sooner or later arise in connection with the pacific revolution at Cairo is that of the Suez Canal. It is certain that if a new concession should be required for a duplicate canal, the company will be required to pay a handsome sum to the Egyptian Government. At present, however, opinion is generally in favour of an adequate widening of the existing waterway. Although the shareholders have had a meeting in Paris, they have not yet ratified M. De Lesseps' agreement with the British shipowners and merchants. Why that compromise should have created a panic among the French stockholders is inexplicable. But the shares they hastily threw upon the market were promptly bought up by English speculators, which may be the real cause of the present embarrassment of their chairman in hesitating to press for the formal conclusion of the agreement recently effected. It is now quite possible that when the shares held by our Government become effective by the restoration of the coupons, the board of directors will be controlled by the British shareholders.

The lull in domestic politics has not lasted long, although platform speaking has not as yet been resumed on a large scale. We may conclude that the recent Cabinet Councils were not engaged in considering the details of the Government Franchise Bill, which, if carried, is likely to add nearly a million and a quarter to the present electorate of three millions. Egypt is the more pressing question of the hour. Two addresses of the week merit a word of approval. In addressing a Newcastle audience, the young Earl of Durham, true to his family traditions, advocated the reform rather than the abolition of the House of Lords, which, under improved conditions, might, he thinks, become a valuable Upper Chamber to interpret in an enlightened sense the will of the nation. In the same city, Sir M. W. Ridley took an opportunity of condemning obstruction in the House of Commons, and expressed a hope that both parties would unite to prevent that great assembly from becoming practically useless for legislative purposes. These words come with the greater force as we are within a month of the opening of a new Session, and Sir M. W. Ridley is a moderate Conservative who is likely to be proposed by his party to the Speakership, in opposition to Mr. Arthur Peel.

It is not quite easy to understand what practical advantage the Irish Nationalists hope to gain by their frequent invasions of Ulster. At each meeting convened under their auspices they have been confronted by bodies of exasperated Orangemen, and serious collisions have only been prevented by the presence of large bodies of police and military. These are not the tactics which will induce the yeoman of Ulster to espouse the cause of Home Rule or separation. They rather tend to advertise to the world that the Nationalists are not the national party they affect to be. Sooner or later, bloodshed must arise out of these rival demonstrations, unless Lord Spencer is able to return to Dublin armed with full powers to suppress them altogether. But party spirit is not limited to one side. No one doubts the genuine loyalty of Orange partisans or their leaders. But it is a curious way of strengthening the hands of a Government which has so much difficulty in vindicating law and order in Ireland, when nearly a hundred deputy lieutenants in the north issue a united protest against the removal of Lord Rossmore from the magistracy. That nobleman unquestionably recommended a breach of the peace at Rosslea. If the expressions used by him, in addressing his Orange followers, were in harmony with the principles of Ulster, as expounded by his sympathisers "loyalty to the Queen and Constitution, and respect for law and order"—words have lost their meaning.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I have emptied the clothes-basket full of letters and pamphlets, and read all the letters. The pamphlets must bide their time. I find no less than one hundred and seven communications relative to the "four words in the English language ending 'dous,'" concerning which (withholding one of the words) I put a query, based on a letter received from a correspondent at Glasgow, just before I went abroad. Some of the hundred and seven communications are intelligent; others over-confident, others poetical and intended to be facetious; and a few are spiteful.

The word which I withheld, after citing "tremendous," "stupendous," and "hazardous," was "jeopardous"—exposed to danger, perilous, hazardous. It is not in the Bible, it is not in Shakespeare; it is acknowledged in the best dictionaries to be "rare;" nor does the less uncommon noun "jeopardy" (which is both in Scripture and in Shakespeare) by any means come from "the well of English undefiled"—the earlier lexicographers, such as Skinner, Junius, and Johnson, considering it to be a corruption of "j'ai perdu"; while the later etymologists, such as Bagshaw, Malone, Tyrwhitt, and, lastly, Ogilvie and Annandale, trace it to "jeu parti," "jocus partitus," "Joke and Part," a game at which the chances are equal. As for "jeopardous," it may justly be considered as an English word, since it is used by old Fuller—"His goodly valiant and jeopardous enterprise."

But now comes the *embarras de richesse*. In addition to the four words quoted by "A. A.," my Glasgow correspondent, I have culled out of the hundred and seven letters in the clothes-basket ten words ending in "dous." What do you think of "nodous," "hybridous," "frondous," "tardigradous," "multifidous," "olidous," "pteropodous," "infandous," "decapodous," and "blendous"? I repeat, what do you think of them? If you ask me what I think of them, I will tell you, shortly. I do not consider any of their number to belong, legitimately, to the English language. "Nodous," considering that we have "knotty"—and "knotted" is an altogether useless word—what would you say to "a nodous point" or "nodous marjoram"?—"hybridous" is useless, since it has the same meaning as hybrid, and hybrid is not so good a word as "mongrel"; "tardigradous" is a mere pedantic Latinisation of "slow-moving"; "frondous" is a term of botanical technology, just as "multifidous" is; and both are crude Latinisms.

As for "olidous," we have its equivalent in "fetid." What would you think, in a leading article, of the "olidous odour of the London slums"? You would laugh at the writer. "Pteropodous," again, is an exasperating example of scientific slang for wing-footed; "infandous" is, so far as I can make out, not used by any English author of repute, save quaint old Howell, who, in his "Letters," speaks of "the infandous custom of swearing." He probably borrowed the word, not from the Latin "infandus," but from the Spanish "infando"; and in Ogilvie and Annandale "infandous" is marked as "obsolete." Finally, we have "decapodous" and "blendous." The latter is a term of mineralogy; and, as for "decapodous," it is absolutely shameful that English dictionaries should be defaced with such a clobbering scrap of corrupted Greek to express the English term ten-footed. Do we speak of the horse or the dog as a "tessarapodous" animal?

If this pitchforking of Greek words in the English language is to be permitted, I do not see why his Grace, when he rises in the morning, should not bid Mr. Jerningham, his valet, bring him, in addition to his "periskelids," his "diazoma," his "esovrachoes," and his "hypodumata." And when he went out, his Grace might ask for his "pilos" instead of his hat. All these words are as English (or as un-English) as "pteropodous" and "decapodous."

I therefore consider that my Glasgow correspondent was, practically, quite right in saying that there are only four words in the English language (properly so-called) ending in "dous"; and one of them, as I have shown, "jeopardous," is seldom used. I have been speaking and writing English for nearly forty years, and have been able to persuade a good many people to listen to me; but I cannot remember to have used—except, perhaps, now and again "for fun"—any of the ten words which I have noted in addition to the Glaswegian four; and I am well assured that were I to stuff my contributions to the newspapers with reference to "nodous" discussions, "hybridous" schemes, "tardigradous" legislation, "multifidous" magazines, "olidous" garlic, "pteropodous" Mercury, "frondous" groves, "infandous" statesmen (the *St. James's Gazette* might, perhaps, tolerate "infandous"), and "decapodous" rules, my able and esteemed editors would very speedily present me with the insignia of the Order of the "Thalakos"—which is quite as good (or as execrable) English for "sack" as "decapodous" is for ten-footed.

Mem.: It is the fault of the scientific pedants that these cartloads of verbiage and corruptions of Greek and Latin words, when we have plain English ones at hand, are shot into our newest dictionaries just as coals are shot through the trap into the cellar. The pedants wish to shroud science in a fog of "hocus-pocus" and "abracadabraism;" and that is why they are continually ransacking Greek and Latin dictionaries to coin base English words withal.

"C. R. B." (Stansted, Essex), writes:—

In the *Illustrated London News* of Dec. 8, 1883, "Lawn Meet of the West Norfolk Hounds at Sandringham," the artist represents two of the ladies sitting on the off-side of the saddle. . . . You will doubtless be able to inform me if this is a peculiarity of the Norfolk ladies; or have I been in error all my life in supposing that the near side of the saddle is the proper side for a lady to sit?

Another correspondent ("W. H.," Woking) makes a similar inquiry. I fancy that I shall be able to resolve my

correspondent's doubts in a "jiffy." Good old English Provincial word "jiffy": not by any means slang. In the just published "History of the Year: a Narrative of the Chief Events of Interest from Oct. 1, 1882, to Sept. 30, 1883 (Cassell), I find, page 470, as follows:—

The question, "Shall women ride like men?" was seriously discussed in Society and in the medical papers in the spring of 1883; the purpose of the change being to avoid the deformity of figure which is said to follow the use of the side-saddle with growing girls. The best preventive was very generally suggested—i.e., to change sides on alternate days: riding on the left side on one day, and on the right on the next. This could be done by a reversible pommel. It may be noticed here that H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, since she suffered from her knee, has invariably ridden, and equally well, on the wrong side of the saddle, so called.

Mr. Francis Galton intends, I read in the *Times*, to distribute the sum of five hundred pounds in prizes among ladies and gentlemen, being British subjects resident in the United Kingdom, who choose to favour him, in strict confidence, with the best extracts from their family records. "The value of the extracts will be estimated by the degree in which they seem likely to facilitate the scientific investigations described in the preface to the 'Record of Family Faculties.'" Mr. Francis Galton's benevolent purpose is "to encourage a habit of preserving family records, to enable parents to discover the various hereditary influences converging on their children," and also to obtain materials for his own studies in "heredity." What a hunting-up of family Bibles, and poring over old letters and memoranda, may the proposed competition lead to; and what a lively time the Post Office letter-carriers who frequent Mr. Francis Galton's residence will have of it between this and next May, to be sure!

Unfortunately, there are so many estimable and interesting persons who have no family records at all; or, possessing them, they might be reluctant, for substantial reasons, to produce them. Sydney Smith used to say that his family never had any arms, "they always sealed their letters with their thumbs"; and he has delicately expressed his belief that some of his ancestors mysteriously disappeared about the time of the assizes—a periphrasis which is almost surpassed in ingenuity by the explanation of the gentleman who admitted that his grandfather had been in Newgate, but added that "he got out of it one morning by means of a string over the door." Stop. Is "a roundabout way of expression" better than "periphrasis"?

Mr. Galton has planned the necessary tables for a single family, and published them in a thin quarto volume, which can be obtained at Macmillan's; so anybody can get this book and fill it up on his own account, without further reference to the author. This is very obliging. I was thinking of planning a sketch model record myself.

"Great Grandfather, peasant and poacher; Grandmother, Molly Mogg, dairymaid; Grandfather ran away from his occupation of scaring crows, and entered London a small boy on foot, with one and fourpence halfpenny in his pocket. Rose to be enormously rich, the largest bacon-factor in the Three Kingdoms, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London. His Elder Brother died at a patriarchal age an inmate of Hogmush workhouse, and his Youngest Sister married a ploughman and had fifteen children. My Grandfather, a private gentleman, married his cook. He cut his Only Son (my Father) off with a shilling for marrying a young dressmaker without a penny, and left his vast wealth to an Hospital. My Father (M.A. of Oxford) was successively an usher in a school, an actor, a miniature painter, an acrobat, a bird-stuffer, a dramatist, and the keeper of a Servant's Registry Office. He married a governess, and had eight children. He was always a poet, and frequently bankrupt. None of my Brothers and Sisters were brought up to be anything in particular; and most of them turned out badly. As for myself, I have been to sea. I have been a house agent's clerk, a broker's man, a commission agent, a novelist, a recipient outdoor relief, a coal merchant, a betting man, and a temperance lecturer, and am at present a comic singer at the Timotheus Music-Hall, and doing remarkably well." In such a record might be noted a curious instance of different faculties "converging" on one head.

The mention of the dark and dismal prison, ere long, I hope, to be swept from the face of London, reminds me that I have lately been reading "The Chronicles of Newgate" (Chapman and Hall), two handsome volumes intelligently illustrated, and compiled by Major Arthur Griffith, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Prisons, and author of the "Memorials of Millbank, &c." It is a pity that Major Griffith was not able to do for the now demolished Queen's Bench prison that which he has done so exhaustively and so graphically for Newgate. His work is a very valuable contribution not only to the political and social chronicles of the metropolis, but also to the history of crime and penal legislation.

Major Griffith cites (vol. ii., p. 236-7) the horrible case of Phoebe Harris, who at so late a period as 1788 was "barbariously" (sic) in the broadsheet, burned in front of Newgate for coining. The unfortunate woman was practically garrotted before she was burned, she being "immediately tied by the neck to an iron bolt fixed near the top of the stake, and, the steps on which she stood being taken away, she was left suspended. Then two cartloads of faggots were piled around her, and when she had been hanging half an hour the faggots were set on fire."

This, however, was not the last woman judicially burned in England. Mr. John Ashton, in his "Chapbooks of the Eighteenth Century" (Chatto and Windus) (43), gives the facsimile of an illustrated pamphlet, purporting to describe "The Life and Death of Christian Bowman, alias Murphy, who was Burnt at a Stake in the Old Bailey on Wednesday the Eighteenth of March, 1789, for High Treason, in feloniously and traitorously counterfeiting the Silver Coin of the Realm." This was the last execution of a female, by burning, in England; and Mr. Ashton tells us, in a note, that in the following year the law was altered by 30 George III. cap. 48 enacting that women convicted of coining should be simply hanged. The offence for which Christian Bowman suffered was, obviously, not "high" but "petty" treason.

"Where shall I Educate my Son?"—meaning, I suppose, where shall I send my Son to be Educated? This is the title of a very clearly-written book (Houston and Sons), by Mr.

Charles Eyre Pascoe, in which the author points out the greater opportunities of the greater public schools; the lesser opportunities of the other public schools, the yearly expenses in average middle-class schools, together with much useful information touching the Bluecoat School (where education and maintenance are wholly free), and the endowed grammar, and proprietary schools, the fees of which, for tuition alone, do not exceed twenty pounds a year. Altogether, the little book is well calculated to serve its purpose as "a manual for parents of moderate means."

Still, were I asked by any "parent of moderate means" for advice respecting the education of his son, I should say, "Send him to a school where he will learn to speak French thoroughly." Lord Houghton, speaking the other day (and in French, too) at a congress of French teachers, ventured on the curiously rash assertion that among English men of letters, "properly so called" (whatever may be the meaning of that qualification), there was only one who came within the category of Englishmen who can speak French with unimpeachable accuracy. This solitary paragon is, according to his Lordship, Mr. Henry Reeve, the translator into English of De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," the editor of a review and of the "Greville Memoirs," and who is a corresponding member of the French Institute. But Mr. Reeve can scarcely be called a professional man of letters, seeing that he has been for very many years the Registrar of the Privy Council. Perhaps Lord Houghton is of opinion that men of letters are only "properly so called" when they have handles to their names or are Government officials.

I could cite the names of at least twenty English authors and journalists of my own age (or thereabout) who speak French as fluently and as accurately as Mr. Blanchard Jerrold and Mr. Sutherland Edwards speak and write it. Mr. Algernon Swinburne, I should say, is also no mean French scholar; while among the younger generation of English writers—the sons of the companions of my youth—there must be many to whom the French language is as familiar as their own. At the same time, I stick to my text as regards the best school to which a boy can be sent for education. Send him to one where he will learn French, not perfunctorily, not as an "extra," but continuously and completely.

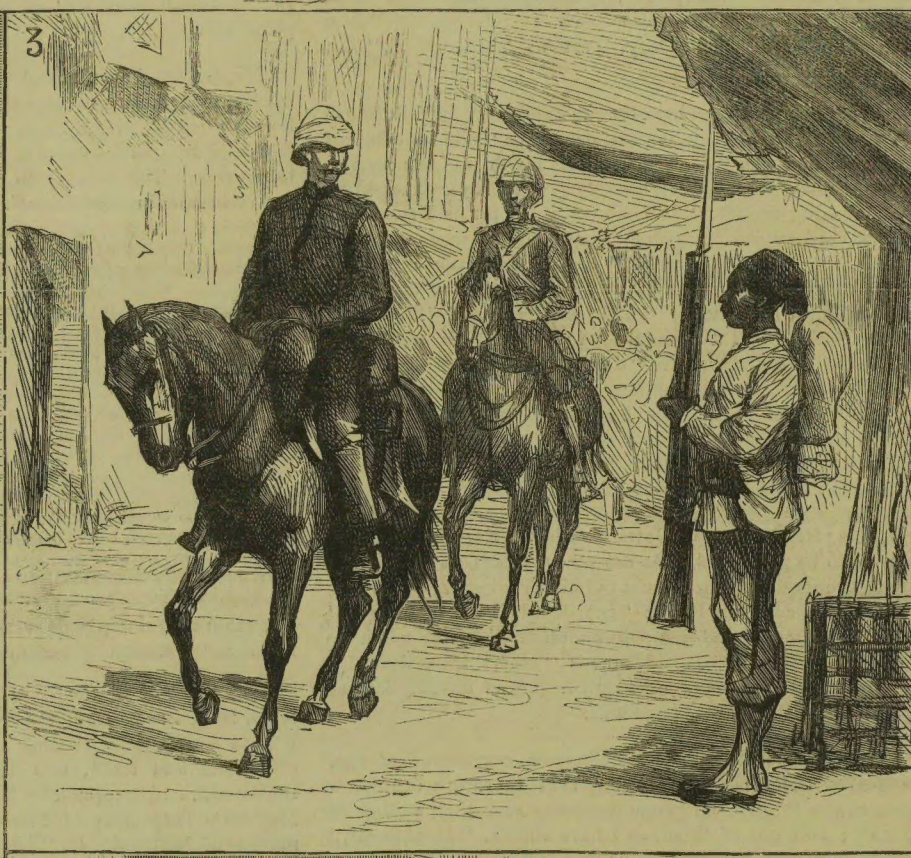
A great deal of harm to the study of French in this country was done more than twenty years ago by a noble Earl, who, in his place in Parliament (I think), said that there was no need for boys to learn foreign languages, since as children "they would pick them up from their French or Swiss nurses." This silly suggestion has been re-echoed within the last few days in a leading article in one of the papers, in which it is incidentally stated that "nursery French is usually very good French." It is about the very worst French that a boy can learn, unless you wish him to chatter the Gallic tongue as a courier or a valet de place chatters it, without being able to write three consecutive sentences in any language correctly. *Experto crede.* I never learned English grammar and do not know, now, five of its rules; but I was compelled to learn the French grammar very thoroughly indeed before I was eleven years old, and without a resolute remembrance of its rules the little French which I still possess would long since have degenerated into mere vocabulary and "Guide de la Conversation" gabble. "Our boys" will never master French satisfactorily until we adopt the system followed in the Russian Cadet Schools. I have known young gentlemen of fifteen and sixteen, who were being trained in the Imperial "Ecole des Pages," at St. Petersburg, who had never been in France, but who spoke French as fluently and as purely as the late Alfred Wigan spoke it.

I am reluctant to open the King-of-Arms *versus* King-at-Arms controversy, for the reason that some of my correspondents, with invincible perversity, accuse me of saying that the correct expression is King-at-Arms. I said distinctly that it is King-of-Arms; and that Pepys, Evelyn, and the rest—even to Sir Walter Scott—were heraldically in error when they spoke of Kings-at-Arms. That which I really did point out was that the writers who made the mistake were many and influential; whereas "Atlas," in the *World*, professed never to have heard of a King-at-Arms. Since saying my say on the matter I have consulted Sir Richard Baker's "Chronicle" (edition of 1696) and find King-at-Arms. I have consulted Strype's Edition of Stow's Chronicle (edition 1720) and find King-at-Arms; and, finally, I have looked into Vol. VII. of the calendar of "Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII." (Longmans), arranged and catalogued by Mr. James Gairdner. Therein I read (page 403, par. 1034) the memorandum of an indenture between Sir Thomas Wriothesley, Garter King-of-Arms, and Thomas Hawley Norroy, King-of-Arms, whereby Norroy assigns his "powers" in the North as Garter, who will pay him half the profits. But in another part of the Calendar (p. 585, par. 1568) I read, in an account rendered by Stephen Vaughan, clerk of the King, "Received of Garter Herald-at-Arms, in part payment of a debt to Hacket, three pounds sterling." Thus it would appear that the "at-arms" solecism is at least three hundred years old, that the professional heralds have always been right, and the laymen, with the exception of the learned Seldon, nearly always wrong.

To judge from the wording of a paragraph which has just gone the round of the papers, his Excellency the American Minister has made a remarkable discovery. We were informed that the Hon. James Russell Lowell had retired from the office of Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews, to which he was elected by a majority of the Students in November last; and that, in so retiring, Mr. Lowell had regard to the difficulties in discharging the full duties of Rector in a Scottish University, arising from his being Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to England. Prior to the publication of this announcement the vast majority of English people, at least, were wholly unaware that the Lord Rector of a Scottish University had any duties to perform beyond wearing a scarlet robe and delivering an "inaugural" address to the students. I cannot help thinking that the paragraph in question was rather clumsily worded, and that although a cautious opinion had been given by an exalted judicial personage as to the "ex-territoriality" of Mr. James Russell Lowell as a Minister Plenipotentiary, the "difficulties" were not by any means unsurmountable, and, but for Mr. Lowell's sensitive delicacy, they need not have prevented him from discharging his "duties" as Rector. However, the public have gained something by the transaction. At least the North Britons have been able to do themselves honour by honouring a most gifted and accomplished man of letters.

G. A. S.

SKETCHES OF THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.



1. English Officers Drilling Recruits.

2. Gendarmerie Reconnoitring with Bedouin Guide.

3. Arrival of Officers.

4. Bashibazouks bringing in Black Recruits.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



DEPARTURE OF BAKER PASHA AND STAFF FROM SUEZ FOR SOUAKIM, ON BOARD THE STEAMER MANSOURAH.



ARRIVAL OF BAKER PASHA AT SOUAKIM: GOING TO VISIT SULEIMAN PASHA.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

We really do not know, at this moment, what is the War in the Soudan, or by whom it is carried on. The Mahdi, who destroyed the army of General Hicks two months ago, is supposed to be still in Kordofan; and the Khedive at Cairo says that he has given up all idea of reconquering Kordofan and Darfour. The British advisers and protectors of the Khedive told him last Saturday that he must not think of defending any part of the Soudan. If he chooses to surrender his dominion of the Eastern Soudan to the Sultan of Turkey, the Sultan may, if he can, send an army down the Red Sea to land at Souakim and undertake the conquest of that region on his own account. As it would cost, not only the equipment of a large Turkish army, but the expenditure of perhaps twenty millions sterling, there seems little chance that the Sultan will do any such thing. In the mean time, all that England will do is to strengthen the present garrison of Egypt Proper, and to assist in fortifying and defending its southern outpost, at Wady Halfa, at the Second Cataract up the Nile, and to protect the Red Sea port of Souakim by the presence of two or three gun-boats. There is no Egyptian army fit to take the field in the Soudan, but there is a garrison at Khartoum, under Colonel Coetlogon, in the service of the Khedive, which will probably be ordered to return to Egypt as soon as it can. At Souakim, there is Baker Pasha, formerly well known in England as Colonel Valentine Baker, a brother of Sir Samuel Baker, the discoverer of Lake Albert Nyanza, and sometime Governor of the Equatorial Provinces. Baker Pasha is at Souakim in command of three or four thousand Egyptian gendarmes, or rural police, whom he is trying to convert into soldiers, with the addition of three or four hundred Turkish Bashibazouks. His troops will scarcely be a quarter of the army a twelvemonth since at the disposal of Hicks Pasha. Their equipment and training must be very inferior: they have no artillery, no stores, and no means of transport; and the Egyptian Government has no money. It is possible that they may, under the command of a British officer of undoubted ability, succeed in relieving the garrisons of Tokar and Sinkat, little forts near the coast within a short distance of Souakim. They may even render some assistance to the retreating garrison of Khartoum on the road across the Nubian desert from Berber to Souakim. But they cannot advance to the reconquest of the Soudan; for such a march, even if unopposed, would require thousands of camels for the conveyance of water to supply the daily need of the men and horses. It seems probable that some part of this force may be ordered, after all, to return to Egypt, and to aid in the defence of the Upper Nile from Assouan to Wady Halfa. In the mean time, Souakim is perfectly safe. We present a Sketch, by an officer of H.M.S. Euryalus, of the gateway on the causeway by which the town, built on a small island, is connected with the mainland. "The entrance to the harbour," he writes, "is by an intricate passage; but, when once in, there is anchorage for ships on three sides of the island, and the causeway is on the fourth side. Beyond this lies a large Arab town, with its bazaar, outside of which is the encampment of the troops recently arrived from Egypt, protected by a line of earthworks. A wide plain extends to the foot of the mountains inland. No place could be more easily defended than Souakim, as there is no cover for an enemy approaching the town; and now that the British squadron is anchored in position there, a hostile visit need not be apprehended."

Our Special Artist, who has already arrived at Souakim, furnishes the Illustrations of Baker Pasha's departure from Suez, with his staff, embarking on board the steamer Mansourah, and of the General's arrival in port at Souakim. The Chief of the Staff is Colonel Fitzroy Hay, late of the 42nd Highlanders, while Major Harvey, of the same regiment, is aide-de-camp. Dr. Leslie is chief of the Medical department; Signor Massedaglia and Mr. Goodall conduct the Intelligence department. Among the other European members of the staff are Captain Cavaleri, an Austrian officer, Lieutenant Marco, an Italian, Lieutenant Jenschky, a Frenchman who has served in Algeria, and Malcozzi, a Greek of Smyrna. They began drilling the troops before they left Egypt; but the Egyptian fellahs, cruelly forced into a service they detest, are described as the worst material for an army. Two battalions of gendarmes, each mustering seven hundred, and one of old soldiers from the broken garrisons, were inspected by Colonel Sartorius at Souakim, on the day before Christmas Day. A correspondent says "the big, hulking, slouching, sulky fellows moved in a listless manner for hours, never once executing correctly the simple manoeuvre they were asked to go through, and seeming determined that it should go wrong." The Bashibazouks, in the meantime, were being instructed in the goose-step; "a more complete collection of scoundrel-looking faces was never brought together, and the occupation seemed thoroughly distasteful to them." A company of Turkish infantry, one hundred strong, contrasted most favourably, in their soldier-like appearance, with the Egyptian recruits. We present some sketches of the drilling process, and the arrival of the European officers who have undertaken this not very hopeful task; also, that of a party of mounted Bashibazouks escorting some black Nubian recruits through a village, the inhabitants assembling to look at them with much commiseration; and further, a Bedouin guide pointing out the road across the Desert to the leader of a detachment of gendarmes. The Egyptian army, under the command of General Sir Evelyn Wood, remains to guard its own country alongside of the British military force, and will not be allowed to go to the Soudan. The total British force now in Egypt, chiefly at Cairo and at Alexandria, is about 6700, including four batteries of artillery, and is likely to be augmented. The native Egyptian army, not including the troops at Khartoum or the gendarmes at Souakim, is rather above six thousand, tolerably well drilled and disciplined by British officers, and was thought sufficient for home service.

A fancy-dress ball, announced to be given in the handsome new building of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, in Piccadilly, on May 1, bids fair to be singularly attractive. Mr. R. C. Woodville, taking a leaf from his Düsseldorf recollections, hit upon the exceedingly happy idea of opening the ball with a historical procession, made up of modern artists disguised as the Old Masters and their patrons; and the notion was at once adopted by the Council of Taste. One can imagine what a brilliant spectacle will be presented by a procession beginning with Apelles and Alexander the Great, and comprising Van Eyck, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Albrecht Durer, Holbein, Henry VIII. (with his wives, of course), Benvenuto Cellini, Paul Veronese and Titian, Velasquez and Murillo, Vandyke and Rubens, Charles I. and Cromwell, Rembrandt and the Flemish School, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hogarth; the unique pageant ending with a representation of Hogarth's "March of the Guards to Finchley." As costumes of the Victorian period will be rigorously tabooed, and it will be indispensable for visitors to wear mediæval dress of some kind, this fancy-dress ball ought, at least, to be the most artistic of the season. The proceeds will go to aid the funds of the Schools of Art.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Large and frequent as have been the draughts upon the generosity of picture owners in recent years, there can be no doubt that the pictorial wealth amassed in this country is so enormous that the demands of the winter exhibitions of the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery may be satisfied in perpetuity without showing any work at short intervals. Of course, but few pictures of the very highest order can be expected in a given year. Leonardo da Vinci are not to be had for the asking anywhere; Michael Angelos, not already in public galleries or churches, are not easily to be obtained; and the supply of Raphaels is limited, though it might have been larger in England had the taste of our dilettanti of former generations ran less after the Dutch school, and the Bolognese and other of the later Italians. Nevertheless, a high standard may assuredly be maintained with due enterprise and care, both at Burlington House and in Bond-street. From some cause or other, however, the present display at the Royal Academy of works by foreign old masters and deceased British artists seems scarcely equal to its predecessors. If we except the select works of the late Mr. Poole (which are separately exhibited in Gallery V., and should revive the rather declining reputation of that artist), there are fewer painters of most of the schools, but particularly of the mature Italian schools, quite adequately represented than we have been accustomed to see. A further exception should perhaps be made in respect to Sir Joshua Reynolds, of whom there are no less than twenty-five examples. That the proportion is so large may appear surprising on recalling the great collection at the Grosvenor; but any such feeling is dissipated when we remember that Sir Joshua was forty years in full, indefatigable practice, that he painted with extraordinary swiftness, and produced probably nearly three thousand pictures. We may at once notice these works by way of supplement to our review of the collection in Bond-street. They are, however, very unequal; and, among others, the groups of the Ilchester (16) and Grimstone (206) families, together with the Charles James Fox as a young man (40) and Lady Sarah Bunbury (31)—one of several portraits by Reynolds of the mother of Sir William and Sir Charles Napier—reveal the often too-evident routine mannerism of Reynolds, especially when pressed by the number of his sitters. More individualised than these are the full-length of Colonel St. Leger (149), Lord Sheffield (56), and "Honest Jack Lee" (46), the lawyer who defended Admiral Keppel when tried by court-martial for incapacity. Still finer is the half-length of the Admiral himself (50), painted for presentation to Lee when he declined his counsel's fee. Sir Joshua is always seen to advantage in portraits of his early friend—of which he painted several. The Dr. Johnson (207) belonging to Mr. Murray, the publisher, is much superior to the Grosvenor Gallery version. The bust, too, of Gibbon (59) is very characteristic, though the narrow albeit high forehead and the fat cheeks, which almost smother the small mouth, might hardly realise our conception of the great historian. One of Reynolds's most distinctive excellences was the frequent felicity with which he seized some momentary action, gesture, or expression. But his success in this direction sometimes led him to attempt too much, and an instance occurs, we think, in the full-length of Viscountess Crosbie (148). The lady turns her face and peering, laughing eyes full at the spectator, but her action is that of almost running sidelong, with the skirts of her dress under one arm and the other extended towards the landscape background; in short, the attitude seems less suitable for the portrait of an English lady than for Atalanta inviting to a trial of speed. Sir Joshua conformed, as we know, to the taste of his time in introducing allegorical meanings, usually classical, into his portraiture, but his work often loses rather than gains in the proportion that its motive is less simple and natural. Lord Lansdowne's celebrated portrait of Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia (209) appears to us to be a case in point. We may enjoy the poetical suggestions of the impersonation; we may admire the child-angels, but the face—the bare profile presented—is *qua* portrait conventionalised, or, at all events, empty of detailed form, and leaves a far less distinct and delightful impression on the mind than Gainsborough's portrait of the singer and actress as Miss Linley. Sir Joshua wrote to Sheridan that this was "the best picture he ever painted," but artists are as much at fault as poets in their estimates of their own works. A degree of emptiness will again be found in "Hope nursing Love" (18), a portrait of the unfortunate Miss Morris, with a Cupid at her breast.

A few good examples of Gainsborough and Romney enable the visitor to draw comparisons between Sir Joshua and his chief rivals in portraiture—the former also a landscape painter of a high order, though the specimens here are not very remarkable. The fair average of Gainsborough's art of portraiture is presented in the half-length of the youthful Canning (36), and the whole-length of "Parson Bate" (203), who started the *Morning Post* and *Morning Herald*, and his wife, Lady Dudley (210). The faces are admirably characteristic and vivacious, but the costumes are "knocked in" in a very sketchy manner. Gainsborough did not command the services of skilful drapery men and pupils—to whom Sir Joshua doubtless owed more than is generally supposed. Very good also is the full-length of the Prince of Wales (151), though one does not readily realise that this somewhat effeminate-looking personage is the George IV. of later years. Very sweet and charming is another full-length of Mrs. Douglas (152), which, like the last, is lent by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild; while always welcome is the half-length of Nancy Parsons (215), with the dark lustrous eyes looking askant. Gainsborough does not surprise us so often as Reynolds with happy apparently unstudied poses and gestures. It was probably to this faculty of the elder painter that Gainsborough mainly referred when, on seeing several works by Reynolds at the exhibition, he exclaimed, with a queer mixture of generous and grudging admiration, "Damn him, how various he is!" Yet Gainsborough was at least as sensitive to the transient expressions, and subtle forms of female loveliness as Reynolds, and a few of his portraits imprint themselves on the memory even more vividly. All the works of Gainsborough have "stood" well. There is indeed little in them to go wrong—so thinly are they painted. He did not use, like Reynolds, fanciful mediums, floodings of bitumen, compounds of wax to get a "cheesy" impasto, and glazings of fugitive colours.

Romney, however, was even more honest in his technique; for, while he painted much more solidly than Gainsborough, he appears to have limited his palette to earthy and other pigments of known permanency. To the consequently opaque red of his cheeks and shadows may be partly ascribed the rather meretricious aspect of his flesh painting. Or was this not also due in some measure to his connection with Emma Lyon, his favourite model, afterwards the Lady Hamilton, who fascinated Nelson, and of whom we have here one of countless brilliant studies—as a Bacchante (211)? Be this as it may, Romney's merit is so great, and Reynolds was so much distrusted for his known recklessness as to the permanency of his works, that we cannot wonder at Romney having for a time "divided the town" with Sir Joshua: nor will the visitor much wonder when standing before the full-length of Mrs. Maxwell (197).

It may be a little artificial in colouring (for the reason indicated) and even in conception; but its homogeneity, its graceful statuesque pose, and the beauty of the face are beyond question. Very simple and sweet, also, is the portrait of Mrs. Jordan as "Peggy" in "The Country Girl" (200). The group of "Flaxman modelling the bust of Hayley" (197) is distinctly inferior. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, were each masters of whom our school may well be proud; and the full meed of praise due may be given to each, for not one of them borrowed from either of the others.

Of the great powers of Hogarth, the predecessor of all three, there is nothing adequate shown—only two small characteristic but prosaic portrait groups, representing a musical (22) and a breakfast (38) party, after the manner of the "conversation pieces" of the time. By the little-known portrait painter, Nathaniel Dance, there is a highly characteristic head of Cipriani, the painter (198); and by Dobson, "the English Vandyke" of an earlier generation, there is a masterly half-length of the first Lord Byron (2). Nor from among the English portraits should we omit the soundly-painted head by Jackson of the venerable Stothard (15).

Of Richard Wilson, the landscape painter, who so cruelly lacked appreciation in his own day, and whose art is even now not estimated at its true worth, there are choice though not large examples, contributed by Mr. J. D. Linton and Mr. Orrock. "The Lake of Nemi" (57) has an exquisite effect of haze rendered with a command of aerial perspective and breadth which even Claude or Turner has hardly equalled. By Turner there are two very admirable pictures of his earlier time, "Fishing-Boats entering Calais Harbour" (57), and "The Nore" (212). In both, but in the former especially, the movement, the weight, the momentum of the waves, appeals to the imagination in a way that, if not scientifically accurate, the Dutch masters hardly succeeded in reaching. By Sir Augustus Calcott there is a large river scene, which, with others which have occupied the same space of wall, should help to rehabilitate a reputation that seemed on the wane. It is a view of the Thames Pool (49) before steamers and tugs and London smoke had given it the sombre aspect Mr. W. Wyllie has rendered so effectively. It can only be objected that the amenity of effect and colour is too equal: in parts it "wants pulling up," as artists would say. By James Ward, the animal-painter, there is a "Fall of Phaeton" (17), energetically conceived, but the small "Study of a Cow" (28) is much better as painting *per se*. The "French Coast Scene" (23), by Bonington, contributed by Mr. Barlow, the engraver, is an excellent example of the painter in this class of subject; we need not, however, dwell further on this, nor on the charming though unfinished Crome (13), nor on the generally minor but interesting works by Zoffany, Wilkie, Morland, Constable, and Sir Edwin Landseer.

Mr. Poole's works must not be judged entirely from a realistic standpoint. His draughtsmanship of the human figure, his foreshortening especially, was extremely defective: he manifestly lacked the training which (in view of the qualifications of foreign artists) the English public is beginning to demand. In subjects of dramatic action, such as the Solomon Eagles (289) and the Job's Messengers (291) he was also singularly grotesque or tame and prosaic, and the twisted columns in the latter is a ludicrous anachronism. Yet in his conception of romantic poetic incident, in the sympathetic sentiment of the accessorial landscape, and in appropriately idealized qualities of colour, he showed fine artistic instincts—qualities too rare in our present school, and which are not easily to be matched among our living painters. "The Meeting of Oberon and Titania" (306) is a painted poem of peculiarly refined and indeed unique beauty. So, too, is the picture from Chaucer's "Man of Lawe's Tale" of Constance adrift with her child in the boat on a moonlit sea. Even for realistic truth we have never seen moonlight on rippling water more faithfully or suggestively rendered. This, it may be remembered, was the picture of the year when exhibited at Trafalgar-square some fifteen years ago. The same motive of moonbeams reflected from the sea was repeated several times, but never so successfully as in the Constance. "The Prodigal Son" (293), "The Goths in Italy" (294), "The Seventh Day of the Decameron" (300), and "The Entrance to the Cave of Mammon" (308), the last a work of recent date, have also uncommon beauties of colour and poetic feeling; while "A Lion in the Path" (309) has a grandiose imaginativeness in the landscape which is as noble as it is unusual.

The pictures by foreign masters we must reserve for future notice.

At the gallery, 168, New Bond-street, is being exhibited Mr. Long's last and, we believe, his largest work, under the title (not descriptive, if suggestive) of "Anno Domini"—in reality an original and elaborate representation of "The Flight into Egypt." The leading idea of the picture is to contrast the complex and ornate idolatry of Egypt with the lowly, simple advent of the founder of Christianity. The Virgin and Child riding on an ass, accompanied by St. Joseph, encounter on their arrival a magnificent procession in honour of the gods of Egypt. The contrast is pointed in many ways. On the right, nearest to the Virgin and Child, of the images borne in procession are those of the goddess Isis or Hathor, bearing on her knees her son Horus. To the left is an Ethiopian venter of small clay idols: a mother holds one of these to her sick child, a lover fastens an amulet on his mistress's neck to ensure her constancy. These incidents, the countless figures of the procession winding from the distant temple, and of the spectators, are as carefully and well painted as anything Mr. Long has done in recent years, and the whole is brought into unity under the evening effect. This effect, however, though also of poetical significance, is not attained without conveying an impression of monotony. Portions require emphasis. Nor are the figures highly impressive. The "Virgin and Child" are very sweet, but a little tame. In short, skilful and intelligent as are the conception and conduct of the elaborate composition, Mr. Long is, we think, seen to more advantage in some respects as an artist in the picture "A Question of Propriety," which was exhibited at the Academy a few years back, and is to be seen, with other works, in an upper room.

T. J. G.

In our brief memoir of the two new Medical Baronets, with their Portraits last week, two or three lines were accidentally misplaced, so as to speak of Sir William Bowman as a "Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, M.B. of the University of London, and member for Scotland of the General Council of Medical Education." These particulars apply to Sir Joseph Lister.

At the West of England Dog Show, held at Bristol yesterday week, there were upwards of 400 entries, amongst the most noticeable of which were the mastiffs, Dr. Forbes Winslow being successful with his Crown Prince and Prussian Prince. In the bloodhound champion class, Mr. N. G. Morrell, of Malmesbury, was the winner; Mr. Charles, of Neath, in the greyhounds; Mr. Hood Wright, in the deerhound; and Major Ireland, of Beverley, in the fox terriers, took champion prizes.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

I should say the energies of Mr. Augustus Harris and his unrivalled company of pantomimists are as inexhaustible as the conjuror's bottle. Not content with giving twelve performances a week of the incomparably beautiful fairy spectacle of "Cinderella," the Drury-Lane company, with their indefatigable manager at their head, had an entertainment on their own account after midnight on Monday. The distribution of the Baddeley Twelfth Cakes was the occasion of this lively theatrical gathering; but the numerous company invited to assist the players to keep green the memory of Robert Baddeley, actor, by eating plum-cake and consuming hot punch were regaled with an ample feast, and spent a lively night on the stage of Old Drury.

It was a "happy thought" of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to invite Mr. Toole and his merry company to Sandringham to crown the birthday festivities of Prince Edward with a performance of "Paul Pry." Mr. Toole's first appearance as Kerosene Tredgold in Mr. Arthur Law's new comedy of "A Mint of Money" was postponed till Thursday.

Mr. Edgar Bruce will, it is reported, have the honour of opening his new and sumptuous theatre, the Prince's, under the special patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, on Friday evening next. Mr. Phipps's latest triumph in theatrical architecture, the Prince's, has a splendid site at the corner of Coventry-street and Oxenden-street; and, lit by Swan electric lights, will present a most brilliant and airy appearance on the opening night, when Mr. W. S. Gilbert's satirical comedy, "The Palace of Truth," will be played.

The peculiarly shaped playhouse in Great Queen-street, the Novelty, was reopened on Saturday night under the lesseeship of Miss Nellie Harris. A period of good fortune should at length have set in for this little theatre, seeing that Miss Ada Cavendish now appears in her very best rôle, that of Mercy Merrick in Mr. Wilkie Collins's remarkable and powerful play of "The New Magdalen." This is a finely limned part, which suits to a nicety the talents of Miss Ada Cavendish, who is, moreover, most ably supported by Miss Louise Willes as Grace Rosebury, by Miss Le Thiere as Lady Janet Roy, by Mr. Frank Archer as the Rev. Julian Gray, and by Mr. Mark Quinton as Horace Holmcroft.

Miss Mary Anderson, whose Galatea has set the seal of public approval on this handsome and accomplished American actress, will not appear in the little one-act piece Mr. Gilbert has written for the Lyceum till the 26th inst.

"The Millionaire" has afforded abundant entertainment to the patrons of the Court. The admirably played comedy, adapted from one of Mr. Edmund Yates's most effective novels, reaches its hundredth performance on Friday night.

Miss Lotta this evening courts our suffrages afresh at the Opéra Comique, and will doubtless receive a friendly hearing as Little Nell and the Marchioness, in the fresh version of "The Old Curiosity Shop," written by Mr. Charles Dickens for this vivacious American comédienne.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

So far, the new year is bearing out the promise with which it opened. Securities are in many cases rising in value, and the tone has greatly improved in regard to both new issues and those already in the market. The accumulation of idle capital is again taking place. This has been noticeable since the commencement of the year; but, as the payment of the interest on the National Debt began on Monday, it has been more particularly prominent this week. Loans from day to day are offered at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum, and the rate of discount for three months' bills is only $2\frac{1}{4}$ as compared with the Bank of England standard of 3. It is not surprising therefore, that Consols should be gaining ground. It is much the same with other high-class investment securities, and to some extent even speculative descriptions are receiving more support. There are, however, important exceptions, and some stocks are being affected by local rather than general considerations. The rebound in Egyptian is of course due to the belief that, whether the British Government likes or dislikes it, our "occupation" of Egypt will continue under the force of circumstances. Another recent movement of importance is a fall in Grand Trunk stocks, owing mainly, it may be presumed, to the abandonment of certain "bull" accounts. One day last week a succession of favourable reports were put in circulation, and the prices rose considerably, but the next day a very disappointing traffic statement was issued. During the spurt "bulls" no doubt got out. It most unfortunately happened that a serious collision occurred, and thus emphasized the traffic statement. If it could be shown that the speculation for the rise was now quite closed, it would be almost justifiable to conclude that the prices would now recover somewhat. It must not be overlooked that the Grand Trunk system is not dependent upon purely Canadian business. The American connections are now so considerable that the sources of traffic every year become more general than the company's title indicates.

For the credit of American railway companies, it is to be hoped that the ruin and dethronement of Mr. Villard, of the Northern Pacific, will be the last casualty of the kind in connection with that road. The mortality among the workpeople during the construction of the Panama Railroad was such that it was popularly said that every sleeper rested on a dead negro; but surely the financial wreckage which has marked the successive stages of the Northern Pacific line is equally conspicuous. Mr. Villard has spent his large fortune in completing the line he presided over. He has witnessed the achievement of his great task; but he is now ruined in purse and health, and within the past day or two the Board have voted their late chief a sum of money, equal to a moderate salary per annum, for the services he rendered as President, he not having had, it appears, any remuneration for them. Now that the speculators for the fall in New York have, after a campaign of two or three years, brought down Mr. Villard and some smaller men, it is thought just possible that they will be content, and will now let more natural causes come into play. American speculators will, however, do what they think will prove profitable to themselves, and it would be idle to count upon any course.

The further Bank dividends generally bear out the views expressed last week, the rates being, as a rule, the same as last year, but the amounts remaining over being smaller. Very shortly the railway dividends will come in for estimate, but that is a subject which presents many difficulties. Even the gross earnings are not perfectly represented by the weekly statements. The expenses are only in two or three cases indicated while the half year is proceeding, and there are always such additions to capital, or such variations in the charges of capital, as further embarrass a "calculator." It is something, however, to know that with very few exceptions the companies have taken much more than they did in the second half of 1882. The Midland has a gross gain of £122,000, the Great Western £83,000, the London and North-Western £75,000, the Great Eastern £65,000, and the Great Northern £57,000.

T. S.

MUSIC.

SAVOY THEATRE.

The production of a new piece in which the pungent humour and literary skill of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and the musical genius of Sir Arthur Sullivan are so happily associated, has for some years been an event of special interest. In their previous co-operations—"Trial by Jury," "The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," and "Iolanthe"—they have gained great and continuous successes, and their new venture bids fair to rival those if not to surpass them. "Princess Ida; or Castle Adamant," the piece produced at the Savoy Theatre last Saturday evening—is founded on a previous work by Mr. Gilbert based on Tennyson's well-known poem, and entitled "A respectful operatic per-version thereof."

As in previous instances of Sir Arthur Sullivan's co-operation with the same author, the music which he has composed for the new piece is replete with grace, fancy, and a vein of humour that is quite compatible with those qualities. In the prologue, we may specify the charming opening chorus for female voices, a bold song for King Hildebrand (with chorus), the grotesque songs for Arac and Gama, the very pleasing trio, "Expressive Glances," for Hilarion and his two friends, and the spirited trio for the three knights. The first act opens with another beautiful chorus for female voices, and includes a charming aria, "At this my cell," for the Princess, two clever trios for Hilarion and his friends, a flowing quartet for them and the Princess, a lively quintet for Psyche, Melissa, and others; a well-contrasted duet for Melissa and Blanche, a very effective setting of the song in which Cyril betrays himself by his intoxication, and a well-wrought and dramatic finale, besides other pieces of much merit. In the second and last act are a truly pathetic song, "I built upon a rock," for the Princess, in which she laments the failure of her projects; a capital patter-song for King Gama, some good martial music, and a finale which, though brief, forms a worthy climax to the opera. The vocal writing is throughout admirably suited to the respective singers, and is generally characterised by a happy vein of flowing melody; the accompanying orchestral details being rich and varied. The musical performance was characterised by that general efficiency which has been observable on similar previous occasions. The music of the Princess Ida was charmingly sung by Miss Leonora Braham; that for the Ladies Blanche and Psyche and Melissa having been worthily rendered, respectively, by Misses Brandram, Chard, and J. Bond. Mr. Rutland Barrington sang the music of Hildebrand with due impressiveness, that for the three disguised intruders into the college having been excellently given by Messrs. H. Bracy, D. Lely, and Ryley. Mr. Grossmith gave Gama's songs with genuine comic humour, and Messrs. R. Temple, Lugg, and W. Grey, as the three knights, also sang with good appreciation of the grotesque style. In fact, every member of the cast contributed more or less to the general efficiency of the performance. The orchestra was all that could be wished, and the singing of the lady choristers such as is seldom heard on the stage, having been remarkable for pure vocal quality and good intonation. Much of the music of "Princess Ida" is undoubtedly destined for wide popularity. Its success on the opening night was unequivocally great. The composer conducted the performance.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The next musical event of the New Year was the opening, on Monday evening, of a season of the Royal English Opera Company, directed by Mr. T. H. Friend. The company has been performing in various parts of the provinces, including Manchester, where rather more than a year ago the opera was successfully produced with which the London season has just opened. The work is the composition of Herr Victor Nessler, and was first brought out at Leipzig in 1879, as "Der Rattenfänger von Hameln," the book being founded on the old legend which is the subject of Browning's well-known poem, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," a similar title being used for the opera, which has been skillfully adapted to an English version by Mr. Henry Hersee. There is no occasion here to go into the details of the familiar story of the mysterious Piper charming away the rats and mice by which the German town was infested; the fascination exercised by his weird music; the denial of his reward; and his revenge by causing all the children of the place to be swallowed up by a mountain in which they and he disappear for ever. The prominent incidents of the story are effectively laid out in a series of scenes offering good opportunities for musical effects, of which the composer has successfully availed himself in many instances. It is perhaps rather in the lighter aspects of the work that he is most successful, his music being generally characterised by a fluent vein of agreeable vocal melody, of a graceful and refined nature, with some varied and effective orchestral surroundings.

The opera is in five acts, and is preceded by a brief orchestral prelude. Some well-written concerted music opens the first act, which also comprises the Piper's quaint song, "Whence I come," a pleasing air for Dorothea, "O strange and sweet," and an expressive set-piece finale, which was encored. Act ii. begins with some bright choral music, and includes the Piper's "Knapsack Song"; and an effective duet, "Let me picture," for him and Gertrude, which ends the act. The next division of the opera has some jovial music in the scene in the wine-cellar between Rhympert, the priest, and Ethelrus, the council clerk, whose duet was encored, and a characteristic scene for the Piper during his extirpation of the rats. Act iv. contains some clever music, among which are the Piper's airs, "To-day the Minstrel's song" and "O hily fair," and a dramatic finale expressing the popular wrath against the Piper. A well-written and effective scene for Gertrude opens the fifth act, and expresses her despair and her resolution to save her false lover, the Piper, from his sentence by dying in his stead. Some good contrasts are offered between the festive music attending the wedding of Regina and Heribert, the lamentations at the death of Gertrude, and the solemn music heard within the church. Some condensation would improve the effect of the whole work, the extreme length of which is somewhat out of proportion to its merits. Madame Rose Hersee, as Gertrude, sang with much effect, especially in the scene of the fifth act; Mlle. Catherine Devrient, as Regina, the Mayor's daughter, made a very promising first stage appearance; Miss Helen Armstrong sang the little music assigned to Dorothea with good taste; Mr. J. Sauvage and Mr. Charles Lyall were again, as at Manchester, highly efficient representatives, respectively, of the Piper and Ethelrus, the council clerk; the character of the Mayor, the Baillie, the Priest, Wulff (Gertrude's former lover), and Heribert, having been adequately filled by Mr. A. McGuckin, Mr. V. Roberts, Mr. E. Muller, Mr. A. Rousbey, and Mr. J. Pierpoint. The orchestra (led by Mr. Carrodus) and the chorus were thoroughly efficient. Mr. G. H. Betjemann conducted. "The Piper of Hameln" was announced for repetition on Wednesday and Friday. On Tuesday the opera was "Maritana." For the other nights of the week "Faust" and "Il Trovatore" were promised. Mr. Julian Edwards alternated with Mr. Betjemann the office of conductor.

The Monday Popular Concerts were resumed this week with a programme of varied interest, although devoid of novelty.

The first of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts of the year took place at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon with a programme of the usual varied and attractive character, a similar concert being announced for next Wednesday afternoon, the evening performances being resumed on Jan. 23.

Mr. Henry Leslie presided on Monday at the Oswestry annual Musical Festival, and in the evening Lord Harlech occupied the chair. The event of the day was a choral competition for £25, which was awarded to the Rhos choir.

The next concert of Mr. Willing's choir will take place next Tuesday, the 15th inst., when Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" will be performed. The first part of the programme will consist of a miscellaneous selection, including Beethoven's Leonora overture No. 3, Gounod's overture 10, "Mirella," &c. An additional interest will be given to this performance by Mr. Sims Reeves singing the "War Song" (Philistines, Hark!) from Costa's "Eli," and Purcell's "Come, if you dare," neither of which have been sung by him for many years. The other vocalists are Madame Patey, Miss Mary Beare, Miss Ambler, Mr. Edward Levetus, and Mr. Bridson.

Mr. Charles Santley, the well-known baritone singer, was married on Monday at the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady, Grove-road, St. John's-wood, to Miss Elizabeth Innes, a wealthy American lady.

ROYAL INSTITUTION JUVENILE LECTURES.

The Christmas lectures, instituted by Professor Faraday in 1826 with a view of bringing before an educated juvenile auditory the great truths of science with the highest forms of experimental illustration, have just been given by Mr. James Dewar, F.R.S., the Fullerton Professor of Chemistry, R.I., his subject being "Alchemy in Relation to Modern Science." His youthful audience awaited his appearance on each occasion with eager impatience, listened to his discourse with marked attention, vigorously applauded his instructive and brilliant experiments, and crowded around his table at their termination. Among the seniors of the auditory were many eminent men of science who had experienced similar emotions half a century ago. The lectures began on the day after Christmas Day.

Professor Dewar, in his first lecture, referred to various stages in the history of chemistry, describing how from its being originally regarded as an occult or sacred art it was gradually applied to the production of many of the elements necessary to the advancement of civilisation. He continued this subject in his second and third lectures, on Saturday, Dec. 29, and on Tuesday, the 1st inst., describing the chemistry of the ancient Egyptians and of the Greeks. Then coming down to the middle ages, the Professor illustrated the progress made by the alchemists in distillation and other processes with apparatus much resembling ours, especially in the production of combustible and explosive materials, such as Greek fire. He made and fired a crude kind of gunpowder by mixing charcoal, nitre, and sulphur. Several interesting experiments were given, exhibiting the remarkable phenomena connected with ebullition, evaporation, and crystallisation. He began his fourth lecture on Thursday, Jan. 3, by alluding to the great Mohammedan conquests, and describing the intellectual progress of the Arabs. They eagerly adopted the Greek philosophy, translated the great authors, and combined the physical and chemical knowledge of the Alexandrian schools with the study of astrology and magic. From Spain, which they long ruled, the results of their profound studies were gradually conveyed throughout Europe, and reached Britain. The alchemists professed a belief in combined spiritual and material agencies, and invented symbols, such as a circle for the sun and gold, and a crescent for the moon and silver; and they recognised certain mysterious relations between the seven planets, the seven metals, and the seven days of the week. They also combined chemical and medical science with astrology. Yet they discovered many important scientific facts. They found that all metals except gold and silver were transformed into calxes by heat; that all metals, even gold and their calxes, could be dissolved by acids; and that the metals could be recovered from the solutions; and that a piece of one metal could be coated with a thin film of another, by dipping it in its solution. They gained much knowledge of the distinctive properties of acids and alkalies, and their combinations as salts. In his fifth lecture, given on Saturday last, the 5th inst., he alluded to the researches of Flammell, Paracelsus, and other alchemists, and exhibited magnified pictures representing several of them engaged in their mysterious pursuits. Proceeding next to the great advancement made in the seventeenth century, the Professor exhibited some of the properties of gases. He proved the weight, pressure, and condensability of atmospheric air, and illustrated the principle of the pump and the barometer. Among other important discoveries, he described how Black obtained fixed air (carbonic acid) from marble by the action of an acid, and how Cavendish demonstrated that water consists of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, and showed how water is formed by the re-union of the gases by means of an electric spark. The Professor also proved that a metal is increased in weight by its combustion in the air, through its combination with oxygen. He also noticed the opposite properties of oxygen and nitrogen, the former being the supporter, the latter the destroyer, of life and combustion. The way in which Faraday condensed the gas chlorine into a liquid by pressure was strikingly exhibited. The sixth and concluding lecture, given on Tuesday last, the 8th inst., was devoted to explanations and illustrations of some of the wonderful results of what he termed "Modern Alchemy." These included the demonstration that all gases are the vapours of liquids and solids that volatilise at very low temperatures. Thus, the actual boiling of a lump of carbonic acid gas in a glass tube was shown to be analogous to that of ether. After referring to the energetic action of heat, the Professor proceeded to explain and illustrate the enormous powers possessed by the electric currents, produced by the voltaic battery. Having explained how Mr. Justice Grove had decomposed water by subjecting it to a heat far above the boiling point, Professor Dewar showed how a similar result could be obtained by the voltaic arc. Then, making use of the "electric furnace" formed in this arc, he fused copper and other metals in magnesian crucibles. Finally, he explained and illustrated the principles of "spectrum analysis," by means of which it has been proved that the light produced by the combustion of metals and other substances exhibit peculiar characteristic bands when transmitted through a prism. By means of the spectroscope—an arrangement of prisms—several new metals have been discovered, one of which (Mr. Crooke's thallium) was exhibited; and much information has been obtained of the constitution of the sun itself, and other heavenly bodies.





CONSECRATION OF THE NEW BISHOP OF SYDNEY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE PROCESSION AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The Right Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D., was consecrated to be Bishop of Sydney, New South Wales, on Tuesday week, in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Durham. There was a large congregation in the north transept. His Grace was met by the Dean and Canons, with the Bishop elect, in the Jerusalem Chamber, and entered the Abbey with a procession of the clergy and Abbey officials. The Archbishop went to his place on the north side of the communion table, and the Dean to the south side, the Bishop's Assistant and the Bishop Elect occupying seats on the south. The Archbishop read the first part of the Communion

service; the Epistle was read by the Bishop of Durham, the Gospel by the Bishop of London, and the responses and Nicene Creed were sung. The Rev. Canon Westcott preached from 1st Thess. v. 24. The Bishop Elect was conducted by the Canon's verger to the Islip Chapel, where he assumed his rochet, the choir in his absence singing the anthem "Send out Thy Light" (Gounod). On returning, Dr. Barry was presented by the Bishops of London and Durham to the Archbishop, who was seated in a chair placed in front of the Holy Table. The Queen's mandate having been read authorising the Consecration, the Bishop Elect took the oath of obedience to the Archbishop or his successors. He again retired,

the Archbishop returning to the Holy Table during the chanting of the Litany, the closing prayer of which he delivered. Again taking his seat in front of the Holy Table, the Archbishop administered the customary questions to the Bishop Elect, who a second time followed the verger to the Islip Chapel, where he put on his robes. After the anthem, "The Lord hath chosen Zion" (Dr. Bridge), the Archbishop, surrounded by the Bishop's Assistants—the Bishop Elect kneeling—stood during the singing of the "Veni Creator Spiritus." The act of consecration was then performed by the Primate and the assistant Bishops, and the new Bishop took his seat with the other Bishops.

THE COURT.

A few guests have been daily entertained at dinner by her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and the Duke and Duchess of Albany, who have remained on a visit at Osborne; and the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household have joined the Royal circle in the drawing-room of an evening. Among those dining have been the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Prothero, Miss Prothero being invited for after dinner, the Rev. Canon Boyd Carpenter, Captain Thomson and Commander Holland of the Royal yacht, Lady Cowell and the Master of the Household, and the Hon. R. Drummond, Seaforth Highlanders. Last Saturday the Queen and the Duchess of Albany visited the Hon. Lady Ponsonby. Divine service was performed at Osborne on Sunday by the Rev. Canon Boyd Carpenter, her Majesty and the Royal family attending. Baron von Pawel Rammingen lunched with the Queen on Monday, and the Right Hon. Hugh Childers, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Augustus and Lady Paget arrived for dinner. Sir Augustus Paget had an audience of her Majesty on Tuesday, and kissed hands on his appointment as Ambassador at Vienna, and Lady Paget was afterwards received by the Queen. The usual daily outdoor exercise has been taken by her Majesty and the Royal family.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have entertained an additional party of guests this week at Sandringham. Princess Louise of Lorne and the Marquis of Lorne arrived last Saturday. All the Royal party attended Divine service on Sunday at the parish church, the Vicar and the Rev. Canon Duckworth officiating. The twentieth anniversary of Prince Albert Victor's birthday was celebrated on Tuesday. A day with the West Norfolk Hounds was had, the meet being at Babingley Bridge. Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales were at the meet, the rest of the Royal party following the hounds. In the evening Mr. J. L. Toole and his company gave a performance in the theatre at Sandringham House in honour of the birthday, "Paul Pry" and "Gullin's Elopement" being played. Some of the neighbours were invited to be present with the house party.

Princess Christian on Tuesday distributed the prizes to those men of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry who during the past year have distinguished themselves by their general efficiency. The ceremony took place at the head-quarters of the regiment, Albemarle-street.

THE CHURCH.

The parish church of St. Mary's, Barton-on-Humber, has been reopened, after thorough restoration, by the Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham.

The Bishop of Manchester has sent £10 towards the restoration of the circus of the "Church Army," at Manchester, which was blown down during the recent storm.

At a meeting held at Bristol on Monday a committee was appointed to raise £70,000 to restore the Bishopric of Bristol. The Bishop has promised to give up £500 a year of his income, and £12,000 was promised in the room.

The Bishop of Carlisle has fixed Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10, for the next gathering of the Church Congress. The first meeting of the local committee to make necessary arrangements has been held this week.

Mr. George Strutt, of Belper, has given £500 towards the sum required for the completion of the Episcopal residence for the new Bishop of Southwell. Mr. Strutt had previously subscribed £1500 towards the endowment of the see.

The Rev. James H. Denison, who has been Curate of St. John the Divine, Vassall-road, Brixton, since 1877, has been appointed Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College, Oxford, in the room of the Rev. Charles Gore, resigned.

The Bishop of Ely has been peremptorily forbidden by his medical advisers to take any active duty whatever in his diocese. His Lordship has been ill for some time past, and the prohibition from active duty will probably extend over several months.

The Bishop of Truro on Monday consecrated the new chancel and aisle which have just been completed in connection with St. Paul's, Truro. A very beautiful east window, by Westlake, of London, has also been put in, in memory of the late Sir Philip Smith.

Under the presidency of Sir Harry Verney, M.P., the opening meeting of the annual week of united and universal prayer took place last Monday at the Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square. There was a large attendance of ministers of religion and ladies. Other meetings for the same purpose have been held.

Chancellor Swayne has fixed a handsome stained-glass window in the choir of Salisbury Cathedral in memory of his late wife.—Two painted windows (executed by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Co.) have been inserted in the Church of Hoo St. Werburg, near Rochester. One window is to the memory of the late Mr. Aveling; the second being to the memory of Mr. Aveling's mother.

The Bishop of Durham has received promises of £20,000 for his scheme of church extension, by which he desires to build twenty-five churches. He himself gives £3000; the Earl of Durham, £3500; Sir Walter James, £3000; the Marquis of Londonderry, £2000; the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, £1500; the Dean and Chapter of Durham, £1000; Mr. Carr Ellison, £1000; the Earl of Ravensworth, the Archdeacon of Durham, Mr. J. L. Wharton, Mr. James Laing, Messrs. Straker and Love, Mr. T. Robinson, Mr. W. H. Fisher, and Mr. Edward Joyce, £500 each; the Dean of Durham, and the Rev. W. M. Ede, £300 each; Mr. J. M. Moore, Messrs. Joicey, and an anonymous donor, £250 each; Messrs. Johnson, £150; and there are thirteen donors of £100 each, including the Right Hon. J. R. Mowbray, M.P., Mr. Thompson, M.P., Mr. Palmer, M.P., and Mr. Dodds, M.P.

A project for erecting a British church in Copenhagen has been started, and has the warmest support of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Nearly £3000 has been already collected by the British residents in Copenhagen, and their Royal Highnesses have determined to appeal for "home contributions." Between £6000 and £7000 are needed to complete the whole fund, and this sum would include the cost of a site. The permanent endowment of the chaplaincy will be secured by the Government grant and the annual donations of the congregation, so that subscriptions from this country would be exclusively applied to the cost of providing the land and building. The following committee has been formed: The Prince of Wales, K.G. (chairman), the Danish Minister, the Lord Bishop of London, the Lord Mayor of London, the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, the Danish Consul-General, Mr. J. R. Somers Vine, and Sir P. Cunliffe-Owen, who will act as the honorary secretary and treasurer.

Professor Newton, C.B., Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, is giving at University College a course of lectures on "Monuments of Lycian Art."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

ALPHA.—Your first move of the solution of No. 2674 is correct; but, after all, in this case, it is the second that makes the problem. The frankness of your letter will please the author.

C S W (St. James's-square).—We have several times reproduced the Indian problem, but shall do so once more to oblige you.

L H J (Freshwater).—We do not know any other chessplayer residing in your locality. Probably this note will bring us the information you require.

W A (Old Romney).—We have given the key moves of the solutions asked for.

P B H.—Please to describe your problem on a diagram.

W N (Montpelier-square).—See note below.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from Percy S Warner, E P Valliamy, S A Harrison, P B H, and J de L Abbott (Bath).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF J. DETINA'S PROBLEM (1. Kt to Q 6th) received from Rev W Anders (Old Romney), Richard Eggert, J R (Edinburgh), H Frai, J T C Chitto, J R Blyth, C Stewart Wood, and R Worters (Canterbury); of Herr v. Gottschall's Problem (B to R 6th), from Henry Frau, E L G, J T C Chitto, R Worters, and Rev W Anderson (Old Romney); of Herr Salminger's Problem (1. Q to K R 2nd), from Henry Frau, E L G, C Stewart Wood, R Worters, and J T C Chitto; of J J Jenson's Problem, from R W Stewart; of No. 2071, from Rev John Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of No. 2072, from E J Brothers, E Louis, Polytechniker, P B Harrison; of No. 2073, from James Easton, Richard Eggert, Henry Frau, E P Valliamy, Jumbo, Little Bits, R Worters, L H Johnstone, W F R (Swansea), and Bernard Green.

PROBLEM No. 2075.—This composition is defective, and is referred back to the author for correction.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2073.

WHITE. 1. R to Q R sq. 2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK. Any move.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2074.

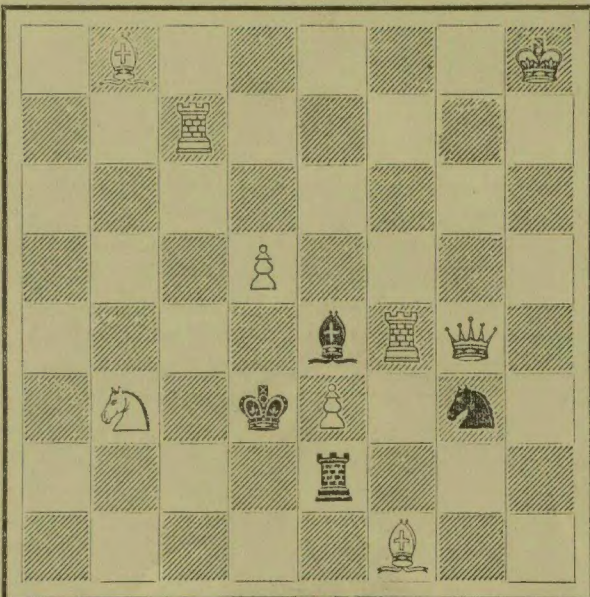
WHITE. 1. Q to Q R sq. 2. B to Q Kt 2nd. 3. R to Kt 5th. Mate.

BLACK. P takes P. P takes B.

*If Black play 1. K takes P, the continuation is 2. B takes R (ch), K moves; 3. Q to K R sq. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2077.

By A. TOWNSEND (Newport). BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played at Bournemouth, Mr. A. MARRIOTT, of Nottingham, giving the odds of Q R to Mr. LEONARD.

(Remove White's Q R from the board.—Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. P to K B 4th. 3. Kt to K B 3rd. 4. P to K R 4th. 5. B to B 4th. 6. P to Q 4th. 7. Kt to B 3rd. 8. Castles. 9. P to K Kt 3rd.

BLACK (Mr. L.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. P takes P. 3. P to K Kt 4th. 4. B to K 2nd. 5. P to Q 3rd. 6. B to Kt 5th. 7. Kt to Q 2nd. 8. P to K R 3rd. 9. P takes Kt P.

WHITE (Mr. M.) 10. Kt takes P. 11. B takes P (ch). 12. Q takes B. 13. B to Kt 6th. 14. Kt to Q 5th (ch). 15. B to B 7th. Mate.

BLACK (Mr. L.) 10. Kt takes P. 11. B takes Kt. 12. K to K 2nd. 13. K to K 3rd. 14. Kt takes Q. 15. B to B 7th. Mate.

One of six games played sans voir and simultaneously by Herr FAITZ, at Frankfurt, quoted from For Tid.

(Italy Lopez.)

WHITE (Herr F.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. Kt to K B 3rd. 3. B to Kt 5th. 4. B to R 4th. 5. B to Kt 3rd. 6. Castles. 7. Kt takes K P.

BLACK (Herr A.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. Kt to K B 3rd. 3. P to Q B 3rd. 4. P to Q Kt 4th. 5. Kt to K B 3rd. 6. R to B 4th. 7. B takes K B P (ch). 8. Kt takes Kt. 9. Kt to B 5th. 10. Kt to K 5th. 11. R takes K B P.

WHITE (Herr F.) 12. Q to B 3rd (ch). 13. Q takes Kt. 14. Kt to Q 2nd. 15. Q takes B.

BLACK (Herr A.) 12. Kt takes Kt. 13. K to K 2nd. 14. Kt takes Kt. 15. Kt to K 2nd. 16. P takes Kt. 17. K to Q sq. 18. R to Q B sq. 19. P to Q 3rd. 20. R to K B sq. 21. B to Kt 5th. 22. R to K B 3rd. 23. Q to K R 4th. 24. B and Black resigned.

We are indebted to an esteemed correspondent, Mr. James A. Russell, of Baltimore, for a highly interesting account of Dr. Zukertort's visit to that city. Besides many off-hand games, the champion played twelve simultaneous and sans voir, of which he won ten and drew two; and in an exhibition of simultaneous play, he won thirty and lost one. The Mayor of Baltimore was a spectator on both occasions. In the following gamelet Dr. ZUKERTORT gives the odds of Q Kt to Mr. MERRIFIELD, of Baltimore.

(Remove White's Q Kt from the board. Knight's Defence to the Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE (Dr. Z.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. B to B 4th. 3. Q to K 2nd. 4. P to Q B 3rd. 5. P to B 4th. 6. Kt to B 3rd. 7. P to Q 3rd. 8. P to B 5th. 9. P to K R 3rd. 10. Q takes B.

BLACK (Mr. M.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. Kt to K B 3rd. 3. Kt to Q B 3rd. 4. P to B 4th. 5. P to Q 3rd. 6. Castles. 7. Kt to Kt 5th. 8. Kt to K 2nd. 9. B takes Kt. 10. P to Q 4th.

WHITE (Dr. Z.) 11. B to Kt 3rd. 12. P to Kt 4th. 13. P takes P. 14. P to K R 4th. 15. P to Kt 5th. 16. P to B 6th. 17. P to B 5th. 18. P takes Kt P. 19. B takes Kt. 20. White mates in three moves.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Henry Lee, on the 20th ult., at the age of twenty-nine years. The late Mr. Lee was a graduate of Oxford University, and was one of the most promising young amateurs of the day. The return-match between the North London and Athenaeum Chess Clubs was played on Saturday last, and resulted in a decisive victory for the first-named association, with a score of nine games to four.

The members and associates of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Arts have petitioned her Majesty in Council for a charter of incorporation.

Mr. H. C. Barnes-Lawrence, M.A., of Lincoln College, Oxford, was on Saturday elected Head Master of the Perse Grammar School at Cambridge, in succession to Mr. J. B. Allen, resigned.

Lord Houghton has, it is stated, remitted half a year's rent to the tenants on his Lincolnshire estates.—Colonel Mitford has granted a remission of 20 per cent to his tenants on the Hummanby (Yorkshire) estate.—Colonel Stracey Clitherow, of Hotham Hall, Yorkshire, has made a return of 10 per cent.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Jan. 8.

A decree of the Prefect of Police seems destined to put an end to the industry of the Parisian scavengers, or chiffonniers, who have been idealised and popularised in literature by Felix Pyat, Anicet Bourgeois, and Privat d'Anglemont. Hitherto it has been the custom for each tenant in a Parisian house to deposit his rubbish, ashes, and kitchen refuse in the gutter in front of the common door of the house either late at night or in the morning before the passage of the dust-cart; and so between ten p.m. and eight a.m. the Paris streets were lined with little piles of miscellaneous refuse, out of which some 30,000 people managed to get a living. After the fifteenth of this month all refuse is to be deposited in receptacles to be provided by the proprietors of each house, and nothing to be deposited on the public highway, so that the industry of the chiffonniers will become very considerably modified. Hitherto the chiffonniers have found a curious corporation in the multitude of queer industries that underlie the luxury of Paris: they have had their own manners, their own language, and their own quarters, more particularly the Mouffetard district and the wretched rookeries of the plain of Clichy and Saint-Ouen. The regular chiffonniers licensed by the police number about ten thousand, and divide Paris amongst themselves, toiling with lantern, prong, and a huge basket on their back. The basket they call a mannequin and the lantern a lorgnette. Then come the voyageurs or coureurs, numbering some 12,000 to 15,000. These are irregulars, not licensed, who wander all over the city and sell their pickings to the great dealers. Then, finally, there are the triqueurs, numbering some ten thousand, who work by the day, and sort the rubbish that the different nocturnal gutter-groppers have collected. The regular chiffonniers do not bear a bad reputation. The voyageurs are less honourable, and amongst them are many criminals.

The period of picture exhibitions has set in, and from now until midsummer we shall be overwhelmed with painted canvas. We are, however, promised at least one exhibition which will certainly be interesting—namely, an exhibition of one hundred and fifty of the select works of Meissonier, which will take place between April 15 and June 15. The complete works of Meissonier comprise 420 pictures, having at the present moment a value of some fifty millions of francs, or two millions sterling. The painter himself has not made more than four millions of francs out of his paintings, which leaves a balance of forty-six millions that have been handled by those who have bought and speculated on his works. At present there is an exhibition of the works of the late Edouard Manet, in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Manet, it will be remembered, was the founder of the Impressionist school, and of all the painters of this century the one who was most furiously discussed, ridiculed, and depreciated during his lifetime, especially by the representatives of classical and official art. It is rather a surprise now to see his pictures exhibited under the patronage of the State in a State building. Manet, in his attempt to render effects of decomposed light, in his research of true tones of colour, in his horror of convention, and in his personal observation, had undoubtedly a great and beneficial influence on the young school of French painters—on men like Bastien-Lepage, Cazin, Gervex, &c. He was a seeker of great originality, but in his own work his execution rarely did justice to his intention. The exhibition at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts is curious, and is giving rise to much discussion.

The first week of the new year has passed without any important event. On Sunday the inauguration of the cult of Gambetta was completed by the placing of a marble tablet on the wall of the room where he died at Ville d'Avray. Some 500 persons were present.—The drivers of the Urbaine Cab Company are on strike, to the number of about 1200.—Rosa Bonheur, the celebrated painter, is reported to be much better, and able to go out.—The publication of the memoirs of the historian Michelet is announced for Feb. 9, the anniversary of his death.—The centenary of Diderot is to be celebrated on July 30, the hundredth anniversary of his death in 1784.—There is some talk of the candidature of M. De Lesseps for the chair vacant in the French Academy by the death of the historian, Henri Martin.—French composers, thanks to the inactivity of native managers, continue to produce their works in foreign capitals. Massenet took his "Hérodiade" to Brussels; last week Salvayre produced his "Richard III." at St. Petersburg; last night M. Ernest Reyher had his opera "Sigurd" produced at Brussels, apparently with great success. An eminent critic declares the opera to be "one of the noblest efforts of the French school towards dramatic unity."—L'arliament opened this afternoon with the usual formal business. The event of the Session will be the proposed revision of the Constitution. In bringing forward this measure, M. Jules Ferry is suspected of playing a deep game—so deep that nobody seems to be able to guess what it is.—The French Government has been apprised by the Governor of Cochinchina that the new King of Annam has recognised the Hue Treaty concluded on Aug. 25, and that Dr. Harmand has left Saigon for France.

T. C.

The International Exhibition at Nice, of which some illustrations were given in our issue of Dec. 22, was opened on Sunday.—Mr. J. C. Harris, British Vice-Consul at Nice, contradicts the reports that have been published as to the unhealthiness of that place. Typhoid was prevalent in the early autumn in certain bad quarters of the town, but no new cases have occurred for several weeks, and no British subjects have been attacked.—A correspondent informs us that the municipality have allotted a sum of money for publishing a statement as to the sanitary state of the city.

The removal of the body of King Victor Emmanuel from its provisional resting-place to the new tomb prepared for its reception in the Pantheon took place last Saturday with all the solemn formalities befitting the occasion.

The Session of the Portuguese Cortes was opened by the King on the 2nd inst. His Majesty expressed a hope that the financial condition of the country would become more prosperous by the reduction of taxation.

The Spanish Cortes opened on the 2nd inst. In the Chamber of Deputies the report of the Committee appointed to draught the address in reply to the King's Speech was read. The Minister of War brought in a bill providing for an increase in the pay in all ranks of the Spanish army, from a brigadier to a private, without involving an increase in the expenditure.

Information has been received at the Hague that the Governor-General of the East Indies has decided to send a military expedition to Tenom, in Acheen, as the Rajah of that place has refused to liberate the men who formed the crew of the English steamer Nisero, which was wrecked near there.

The great musical event of the season—the first performance of Ernest Reyer's "Sigurd"—came off at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, on Monday evening, with extraordinary éclat. The principal musical critics of France and Belgium, as well as a number of distinguished composers,

were present. The subject of the opera is, like Wagner's tetralogy, based on the Eddas, and the Teutonic epic of the "Nibelungen."

On the 3rd inst. the Emperor William attended the consecration of a new Thanksgiving Church in Berlin, erected in commemoration of his escape from two attempts at assassination in 1878. Great crowds enthusiastically cheered him on his arrival and departure.—Jan. 1 inaugurated a new era in the town of Metz—namely, the official use of the German language. The change has naturally been eagerly greeted by the German population.—Dr. Edward Lasker, the well-known member of the German Reichstag, died suddenly in New York last Saturday morning. His funeral will take place in Germany.—Paul Taglioni, brother of the celebrated dancer, Maria Taglioni, and himself a well-known composer of ballets, died on Monday at Berlin, at the age of seventy-six.

At noon on Monday the Emperor of Austria visited the new Houses of Parliament in Vienna. He was received by Count Taaffe and the President of the Upper House; and Herr Hansen, the architect, conducted his Majesty round the buildings.

The Academy of Sciences has been finished at Athens. The new building, which comprises lecture-rooms, besides a library, is sufficiently capacious. It has been built of marble, in the style of the buildings of the Acropolis, and within sight of them. Baron von Sina, of Vienna, a wealthy Greek, has made this magnificent present to his countrymen.

The English Government have called upon the Khedive to abandon the Soudan, and to retire to Wady Halfa or the Second Cataract. This important decision of our Government was embodied in a Note which Sir Evelyn Baring read to the Khedive on Sunday morning. The Ministry has in consequence resigned, Cherif Pasha and his colleagues having refused to accept the conditions imposed upon them by the English Cabinet. Nubar Pasha has accepted the task of forming a new Ministry.

The United States Congress was convened on Monday. A canvass of the House indicates that about sixty Democrats will oppose the opening of the tariff question, thus making the occurrence of any radical change of duties in this Session doubtful.—It has been resolved to hold a World's Fair in San Francisco in 1887.—Mr. Irving closed an exceptionally successful week's engagement at Brooklyn last Saturday. He plays next at Chicago and other western cities.—A Roman Catholic convent in Illinois has been destroyed by fire. There were sixty girls, aged from ten to twenty years, in the convent, besides teachers and servants. Several jumped from the windows and were killed or seriously injured, while many others perished in the flames. Twenty-two pupils and five of the sisters, including the Mother Superior, are known to have perished.—Telegrams state that the intense cold which has prevailed over the United States is now slightly moderating, but was passing south. At Charleston on Monday the mercury fell to 13 deg., the coldest weather known there for 135 years. Several people have been frozen to death in the North-West.

A collision occurred on the 2nd inst. on the Grand Trunk Railway, at a short distance east of Toronto, between a train which daily leaves the city at 6.40 a.m. with a car attached to it for workmen belonging to the boltworks, and a goods-train. Twenty-seven workmen were killed and from twenty to thirty hurt. On the 4th inst. an accident occurred on the Canadian Pacific Railway, between Ottawa and Montreal. Twelve persons were hurt, but none killed.

A Reuter's despatch from Calcutta states that the Legislative Council, on Monday, after four hours' discussion, decided upon accepting Mr. Ilbert's motion for referring the bill to a Select Committee, which will submit its report on the 18th inst.—The death of Keshub Chunder Sen, the leader of the Brahma Samaj (New Theistic Church) of India, is announced.

The Earl of Rosebery has been making a tour in New South Wales. After visiting two or three large sheep stations in the interior, Lord Rosebery was to go to Queensland.

Advices received from Adelaide state that the estimated European and Chinese population of New Zealand at the close of September, 1883, was 532,400.

It having been decided that the Metropolitan Police, instead of carrying the clumsy, antiquated rattle, shall be provided with whistles, an order has been given for the supply of 7000 whistles.

Mr. Scanlen, the Premier of the Cape Parliament, having negotiated the different matters which brought him to this country, has left England, on his return to the Cape, to resume his official duties.

The steam-ship Siroa left Plymouth on Sunday for Queensland, having on board 51 second and 480 bounty passengers, classed as follows:—240 single men, and 36 single women and married couples.

The key-stone of the nearly-completed new sea-wall works at the east end of Eastbourne was laid yesterday week. The extension will provide an unbroken promenade from the Redoubt Forts along the sea front to the slopes of Beachy Head, a distance of three miles.

Our contemporary the *Lady's Pictorial* presents a most attractive appearance in its enlarged form. The first number of the new series was published last Saturday. It is well printed, and the interest of the copious, diversified text is enhanced by numerous excellent illustrations.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Humane Society on Tuesday the Stanhope Gold Medal for the year was awarded to William Simpson, captain of the foretop of H.M. schooner Harrier, who at great peril jumped into the sea and saved the life of a man. The Duke of Argyll was unanimously re-elected President of the Society.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday evening, Lord Aberdeen presiding, a paper was read by the Rev. W. S. Green on recent explorations in the Southern Alps of New Zealand. A letter from Mr. W. W. Graham was read giving an account of some important ascents of the Himalayan peaks.

The foundation-stone of the new railway bridge at Blackfriars was laid last Saturday morning by Mrs. Woolfe Barry. Among the company present at the ceremony were Mr. Woolfe Barry and Mr. Brunel, the architects; Mr. Ellis (of the firm of Messrs. Lucas and Aird, the contractors); Mr. Henry Turner, superintendent of works; Mr. Cruttawell, resident engineer; and a number of friends. There was the usual placing of coins and newspapers beneath the stone. The estimated cost of the bridge and the station is over £300,000.

A course of six lectures on Primitive Man will be given by Sydney B. J. Skertchley, F.G.S., M.A.I., at South-place Institute, Finsbury, on Tuesday evenings, at eight o'clock. The first, on Flint and its Connection with Man's History, will be given on Tuesday, the 22nd inst. With a view to extending the advantages of these lectures to working men and women, the committee have decided to issue tickets, admitting to the gallery, at one shilling for the course, or threepence to any single lecture.

THE MURDER AT STOKE NEWINGTON.

On the night of Monday week, New-Year's Eve, a young man named John Broome Tower, clerk to an underwriter in the City, and lodging at Dynevor-road, Stoke Newington, was murdered and thrown into the New River Company's western reservoir, opposite Queen Elizabeth's-walk. This is between Green-lanes and Lordship-road, a little to the north of Finsbury Park. Mr. Tower, who was not quite twenty years of age, and came from Stockton-on-Tees, bore an excellent character, and was of steady habits. He had received that day £8 6s. 8d. for salary due to him from his employers, Messrs. Haycroft and Gilfillan, of Winchester-buildings. He accompanied some friends, Mrs. Earle, of Waltham House, Green-lanes, and her two daughters, with Mr. Ernest Cogden, a commercial traveller, residing at Portland-road, Finsbury, to the midnight religious service at St. John's Church, High-bury Vale. The two young men escorted the ladies home, and parted from each other, near one o'clock, at the end of the Portland-road in Green-lanes. Mr. Tower had supped at Mrs. Earle's house, and was, of course, perfectly sober. On Wednesday morning his dead body was found in the reservoir, which had been dragged for the purpose. His overcoat and hat were lying under the trees on a piece of land between the reservoir embankment and Queen Elizabeth's-walk; and with them, his shirt-collar and a cuff, a piece of his necktie, a pearl pin, two fingers of a glove torn off, his keys, part of his watch-chain, and other small articles which he had carried about him, besides a sixpence and some halfpence. All this showed that he had been mastered in a violent struggle; and there were footmarks on the spot. The body had all the appearance of death by strangulation; and a white linen handkerchief was tied round the neck, by three knots, quite tightly enough to cause death. The coat was torn, and the waistcoat and trousers pockets were turned inside out; his money and his watch had been taken. There can be no doubt that he was lured to the sequestered ground under the trees, and was there attacked by two or more persons, who robbed him and strangled him, and afterwards drew his body up the embankment of the reservoir, which is about 15 ft. high, and threw it into the water. They must have lifted the body over the strong oaken paling at the foot of the embankment, which is represented in one of our Illustrations of the scene. The quickset hedge at the top of the embankment was broken through, to get on the path at the edge of the reservoir. Our other Illustration shows the divers employed in searching the bottom, to find anything which might serve as additional evidence. The police of the N Division, and the Criminal Investigation Department in Scotland-yard, have been actively engaged in this inquiry; but there is no clue, as yet, to the perpetrators of the crime. An inquest has been held by Sir J. Humphreys, Coroner for East Middlesex, at the Vestry-hall, Stoke Newington, and a verdict of wilful murder was found on Monday against some persons unknown.

The number of parcels forwarded by Parcels Post during the Christmas week was upwards of 850,000.

A petition has been presented to the Privy Council praying for the incorporation of Wokingham as a borough.

The great Blackwater fishery case, in litigation over sixteen years, has been decided in favour of the Duke of Devonshire.

The Craven Hunt Ball came off with great success on the 3rd inst., at the Townhall, Newbury.

Archdeacon Farrar presided last Saturday night, at Exeter Hall, over the first of a series of penny concerts held under the auspices of the National Temperance League.

The Governors of Halesowen Grammar School have chosen Mr. T. Disney, B.A., Oxford, late of Spilsby, Lincolnshire, Head Master of their school.

Mr. Donald MacAlister, of St. John's College, Cambridge, gave a most instructive lecture, showing how a bone is built, at the London Institution last week.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held last week at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Colonel Fitzroy Clayton in the chair. Rewards, amounting to £513, were granted to the crews of life-boats for services rendered during the past month, in which period they saved 119 lives from different wrecked vessels. Rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from shipwreck. Payments amounting to £5057 were made on various life-boat establishments. A contribution of £1000 had been received from Mr. Henry M. Harvey, of Hexworthy, to defray the cost of the complete renovation of the Penzance life-boat station.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 19.

SUNDAY, JAN. 13.	
First Sunday after Epiphany.	Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. J. H. Chadley; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon Duckworth.
Morning Lessons: Isaiah li.; Matt. viii. 1-18. Evening Lessons: Isaiah lii. 13 and liii. or liv.; Acts viii. 5-38.	St. James's, noon, probably Rev. W. Barker.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. Dr. Stokoe; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Stubbs; 7 p.m., Rev. Prebendary Whittington.	Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Rev. W. W. Merry.
	Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White; 7 p.m., Rev. Dr. Stanley Leathes.
MONDAY, JAN. 14.	
Oxford Hilary Term begins.	Royal Academy, 8 p.m., Mr. J. E. Hodgson on Painting, and on Thursday, Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m.
London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. Henry Blackburn on the Art Season of 1883.	
TUESDAY, JAN. 15.	
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Dr. R. S. Poole on Coins and Medals.	Zoological Society, 8.30 p.m.
Statistical Society, 7.45 p.m.	Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m., Professor J. E. Nixon on Rhetoric (four days).
University College, 3 p.m., Professor C. Graham, first of course of lectures on the Alkali Trade.	Horological Institute, 8 p.m.
	Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 16.	
Bankers' Institute, 6 p.m.	Meteorological Society, anniversary, 8 p.m.
Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, 7 p.m., Mr. G. Simonds on the Science of Mechanics as applied to the Fine Arts.	Entomological Society, anniversary, 7 p.m.
Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Mr. A. Reckenzaun on Electric Lamps.	British Archaeological Association, 8 p.m.
	Albert Hall Choral Society, 8 p.m., Handel's "Judas Maccabæus."
THURSDAY, JAN. 17.	
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Pauer on the History of Music for the Pianoforte, &c., with illustrations.	Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., Mr. Cowper on the Steam Engine.
London Institution, 7 p.m., Mr. H. Dixon on the Nature of Explosions.	Numismatic Society, 7 p.m.
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.	University College, 3 p.m., Professor C. Graham, first of course of lectures on Agricultural Chemistry.
Linnean Society, 8 p.m., papers by Mr. J. G. Baker, A. D. Michael, and W. Joshua.	Antiquaries' Society, 8.30 p.m.
Chemical Society, 8 p.m., papers by Mr. C. T. Kingzett and others.	Historical Society, 8 p.m., papers by Mr. J. F. Palmer and the Rev. R. Thornton.
	Parkes Museum, 8 p.m., Mr. Pridgin Teale on Economy of Coal in private houses.
FRIDAY, JAN. 18.	
William I., Emperor of Germany, accession, 1871.	Philological Society, 8 p.m., Dr. J. A. H. Murray, a Dictionary evening.
Society for Propagation of the Gospel, 2 p.m.	Architectural Association, 7.30 p.m., Mr. Aston Webb on Decorative Plaster.
Royal Institution, 8 p.m.; Professor Tyndall on Rainbows, 9 p.m.	
SATURDAY, JAN. 19.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor H. Morley on Life and Literature under Charles I.	

H.M.S. EUPHRATES IN TARIFA BAY.

The accidental stranding of the Indian troop-ship *Euphrates* on the sandy shore of Tarifa Bay, near Gibraltar, in the violent gale of Dec. 19, was happily not attended with any loss of life, or with serious damage to the ship. There were about thirteen hundred soldiers on board, draughts of various regiments, with non-commissioned officers, and some women, who had embarked at Queenstown. The ship was commanded by Captain Cardale, R.N., and the troops were under the command of Major Whitehead, of the 1st Battalion South Lincolnshire Regiment. It was eight o'clock in the evening, and through the spray and the rain it was impossible to see more than a ship's length ahead, when the *Euphrates* grounded with a fearful bump, which was twice repeated. The troops were then at mess. Captain Cardale, with extreme difficulty, managed to get a stream anchor out astern, and manned the life-boat to proceed to the town of Tarifa, the light of which, two miles distant, was just visible through the darkness. The life-boat was unable to land until daybreak, when the news was telegraphed to Algeciras and brought on to Gibraltar by the gun-boat. Meanwhile the troops, who were nearly all recruits, fell in on the lower deck, and remained standing with their officers as steady as if they were on parade. Not the slightest confusion was observed, and the discipline of all ranks was perfect. It was for some time impossible to ascertain where the ship had struck, or whether she would be dashed to pieces by the gale. Fortunately, she was under the lee of Tarifa Point, which sheltered her from the violence of the gale. At midnight, the gale began to moderate, and the sea went down. Captain Cardale hailed a steamer, the *James Haynes*, coming from Cadiz to Gibraltar, and placed on board, in charge of Major Hornby, the women, children, and invalids to be conveyed to Gibraltar, where they were accommodated by Lady Adye and the Governor in spare rooms at the Convent. Measures were taken to lighten the *Euphrates*. Ninety tons of coal and 120 tons of fresh water were taken out; 400 officers and men were transhipped by boats to the screw-steamer *Telephone*, one of the steamers which had assembled. The operations for hauling the ship off the sands were commenced. A wire hawser was carried over the stern, and about nine o'clock on the evening of the 20th the vessel was successfully floated, and anchored off Tarifa. Early next morning she steamed into Gibraltar, which is twenty-three miles distant, and went alongside the New Mole. Divers were sent down to examine her bottom, and it was found that she had sustained very slight damage, and could go on to Malta. Our sketch of this incident is by Lieutenant W. P. Leslie, of the 1st Royal Irish Regiment.

A STEAMER FOR THE CONGO.

The expedition sent out chiefly by the King of the Belgians, at his private expense, for the exploration of the river Congo, and for the opening of a route of commercial traffic in West Central Africa, with the personal assistance of Mr. H. M. Stanley, is now to be provided with a steam-boat of very novel design, which has been constructed by Messrs. Yarrow, of Poplar, and which was successfully tried last week on the Thames. This vessel, to be named "*Le Stanley*" in honour of the celebrated explorer of Central Africa, is composed of six oblong pontoons of galvanized steel, 18 ft. long by 8 ft. 6 in. wide and 4 ft. deep. These pontoons, which form sections of the vessel and each of which is watertight and can float by itself, are placed side by side and fastened together, and to them is added a bow-piece and a stern-piece. The whole forms a hull 70 ft. long by 18 ft. beam. The sections are so bolted together that they can be readily disunited and as readily put together again. On the bow division are placed two steam-boilers of the locomotive type, capable of working up to 150 lb. per square inch. The boilers have capacious fire-grates for burning wood, which will be the only fuel procurable. On the stern division are the engines, which are designed for a working pressure of 140 lb. per square inch. There are two cylinders, one on each side of the vessel, each 10½ in. diameter and 2 ft. 6 in. stroke. The piston-rod of each cylinder is connected with a crank shaft, carrying a stern paddle-wheel 10 ft. diameter and 12 ft. breast, and placed well aft of the vessel. The strain on the boat from these weights, being placed at either end, is taken by a system of light steel tie-rods, by means of which the whole of the vessel is well braced. The ship is fitted with a pair of balanced rudders, and is steered from a bridge placed well forward, and about 12 ft. above the water, giving the steersman a good view all round. Above the main deck, and completely covering it, will be a wooden awning deck, which in an African climate will be necessary to protect the passengers and crew from the sun. On the main deck is a small well-ventilated saloon. It is intended to ship this steamer in sections direct to the mouth of the Congo, where she will be put together aloft. She will then steam up the river as far as it is navigable, and when further navigation becomes impossible, she will be taken to pieces for transport overland. Each section will then be placed on four light wheels, of steel, having very wide tires, forming a wagon to convey the machinery and the stores. The draught of water, when unloaded, is only 14 in., with the machinery on board, and 6 in. without it. The steamer has a speed of nine or ten miles an hour, and steers very well, turning easily and quickly. Gun-boats on a similar plan are now being constructed by the French Government for military service in Tonquin.

The Winter Term of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution began on Monday. The evening classes for both sexes have been arranged with much care.

Mr. H. Booth has resigned his position as Town Clerk for Oldham, in consequence of being appointed Receiver for Oldham District under the New Bankruptcy Act.

Whilst engaged in removing a bridge over the railway near Wigan on Sunday, the structure fell in, burying the workmen engaged, of whom seven were killed and others seriously injured.

It has been resolved at a meeting of the Volunteer commanding officers to hold the usual Easter Monday Review, and a committee has been appointed to make the necessary arrangements and select the locality.

At Monday's meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute, a paper was read by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen on Cuneiform inscriptions as illustrative of the Jewish captivity. Mr. Rassam and other Assyriologists took part in the discussion.

On Tuesday Sir J. W. Bazalgette gave his inaugural address as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers to an audience which filled the theatre of the institution. He dwelt especially on the importance of the engineering works which promoted the health and comfort of the inhabitants of large cities.—At the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, Mr. H. Johnston read an interesting paper "*On the Ethnology of the Congo and South-Western Africa*."—In connection with the Young Men's Christian Association a lecture was given at Exeter Hall by Dr. Samuel Kinns on "*The Marvellous Scientific Accuracy of the Bible*."



NEW-YEAR'S EVE AT ST. GILES'S WORKHOUSE.

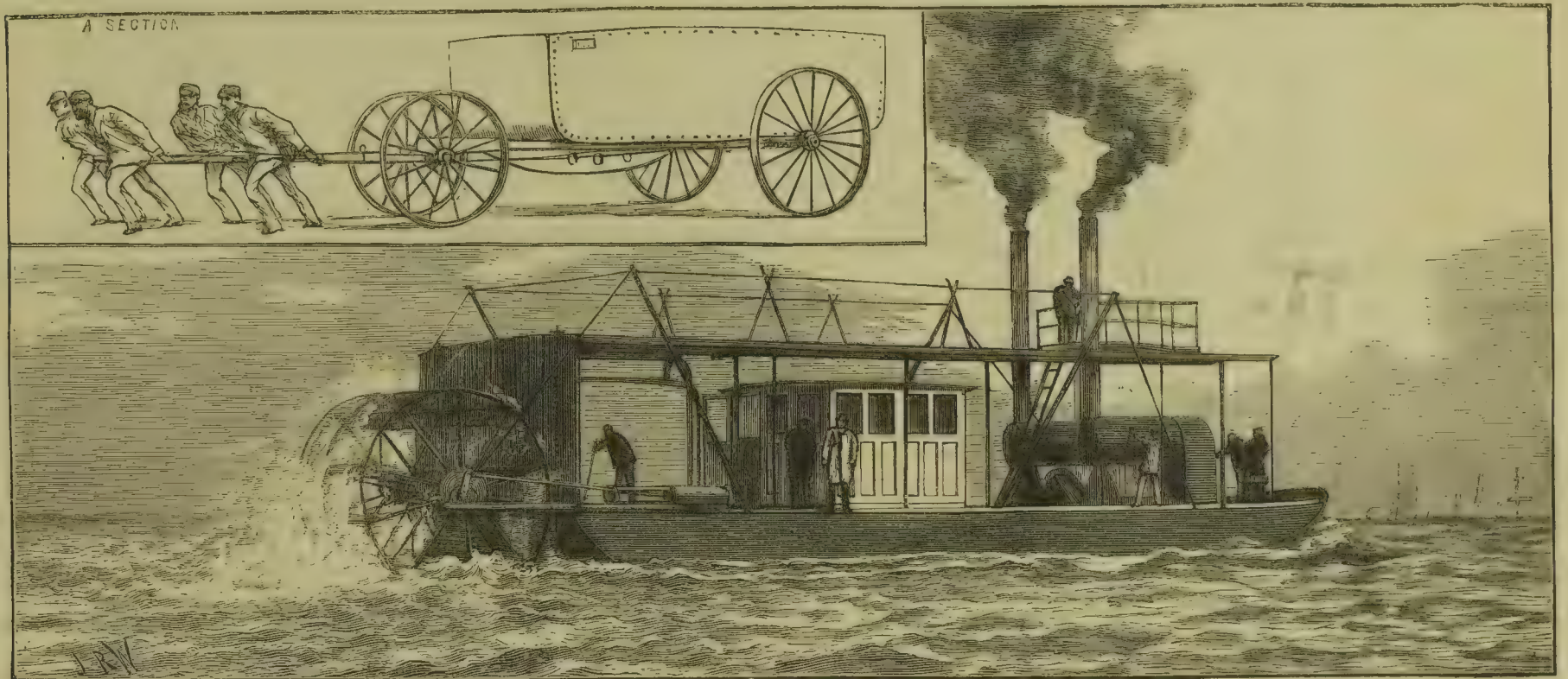
The management of St. Giles's Workhouse, since the advent of the present Master, Mr. Ellis, is much to be commended. It has been customary to give an entertainment to the inmates and a few visitors on the first night of the New Year, the arrangements being under the direction of that veteran comedian Mr. John Maclean, aided by professional and amateur talent. The entertainment took place in the men's day hall. A substantial stage, draped with grey curtains, relieved by bands and loops of crimson, and adorned with devices executed in evergreens and artificial flowers, was erected at one side of the hall. The invited guests occupied the space immediately fronting the stage, and were flanked by some

550 out of the 834 inmates on the rolls, only those too ill or too infirm to attend being absent. The majority were women, in white caps, grey shawls folded across their breasts, and aprons of blue workhouse check. The men, dressed in loose jackets and trousers of corduroy, were aged and infirm. A place of comfort was found for an old naval hero, much given to spinning long yarns. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. F. Corben, whilst Mr. Ellis and Dr. Lloyd, the medical attendant, assisted him. There never was a more patient or appreciative audience. How they chuckled at the woes of "Poor Suzian," sung with ironical pathos by Mr. Fred Rogers, and listened with rapt interest when Miss

Annie Hughes recited the thrilling story of "The Life-Boat!" How they enjoyed Mr. George Buckland's unctuous humour, as he gave his own version of the history of William Tell, and roared at the quaint antics indulged in by Mr. T. Squire as an accompaniment to the ditty, "I am so volatile"! But a hushed attention accompanied the sentimental ballads given by Miss Chetwynd, Miss Russell, Mr. J. P. Fitzgerald, and Mr. George Fox. The old heads waggled to and fro with enjoyment during the pianoforte and violin solos of Messrs. Jones and Arnold; and when Mr. Fred Wood gave Linley's touching ballad of "The Irish Emigrant" many of the poor old women were to be seen with tears rolling down their cheeks.



H.M.S. EUPHRATES ON SHORE IN TARIFA BAY.



LE STANLEY, A PORTABLE STEAMER FOR THE CONGO, CONSTRUCTED FOR THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.



1. (+) Place where the body was drawn up the reservoir embankment, in Queen Elizabeth's-walk.

2. Diving operations in the reservoir.

SCENE OF THE MURDER ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE AT STOKES NEWINGTON.

SPOILS OF THE DESERT.

"Travel and Sport," as related by Mr. F. L. James, in his recent book on "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan," may be enjoyed most largely in the region bordering on the Abyssinian highlands, on the banks of the Mareb or Gash and the Setitte rivers, which flow into the Atbara. This is not the part of the Soudan where the Mahdi has suddenly appeared with irresistible warlike power, and it is quite possible that the kingdom of Abyssinia may claim the reversion of it, when abandoned by Egypt. In any case, the English travellers and sportsmen, with their Arab guides, one of whom rides on a camel, represented in our Artist's drawing, have no military or political errand. They have come out in pursuit of game, and to refresh themselves, in mind and body, with the free life of the African Desert. The buffalo, the rhinoceros, the elephant, or the lion, is not to be met with every day; so they have had to exercise their skill in shooting birds, some of which may be worth killing for food, but others yield only a quantity of useless feathers. There are, besides the larger birds in that country, sand-grouse, quails, partridges, guinea-fowl, and pigeons in great abundance, which make a very good bag. Antelopes of several different varieties, and wild goats, are numerous in many places. The "Spoils of the Desert," in short, are not to be despised, and in time of peace may tempt the sportsman or the naturalist to wander there for many days. But no such excursion is to be recommended in the present season, until we see what is going to happen to the territories lately under Egyptian dominion.

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DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

He saw the Ensign apparently engaged in wrapt contemplation of a currant-bush.

BERNA BOYLE.

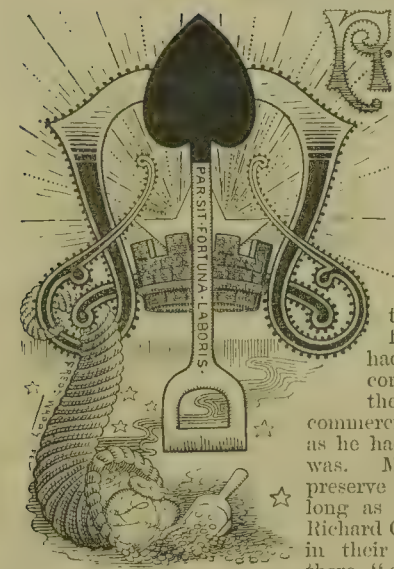
BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL,

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "THE SENIOR PARTNER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

RICHARD C. VINCE was a gentleman "universally respected." In other words, he had done remarkably well.

"By dint of indefatigable industry and an extraordinary aptitude for business"—vide the local papers when on one occasion it became expedient for them to laud their respected fellow-townsmen—"he had raised himself from comparative obscurity to the topmost rung of the commercial ladder. Men such as he had made Ulster what it was. Men such as he would preserve Ulster as it was. So long as men of the stamp of Richard Charles Vince remained in their midst," editors felt there "could be no reason to



despair of the future of Ireland." "Public spirit, private charity, a generosity as unstinted as unfeeling," were all united in the person of Mr. Vince; and when that good man and true gave a fête and threw his grounds open to the masses, on the "never-to-be-forgotten occasion" of his entering into possession of Craigvallen, a correspondent of the "Lagan Flying Post" actually drivelled while shedding inky tears over the wealth and virtues of Richard Charles.

If there were persons who, in narrow town houses and small suburban villas, said Mr. Vince had on occasion sailed remarkably near the wind, the observation proved nothing, except that they were poor and non-successful. All great men have their detractors; and, in his way, Mr. Vince was a very great man indeed.

Whatever the course he sailed may have been, it enabled him to arrive in port with a rich cargo. When first he took his seat on a stool, in the office of Messrs. Hughes, the great corn merchants, his weekly stipend amounted only to five shillings, and less than thirty years later he was in a position to buy Craigvallen, from Sir Humphrey Trevane, Baronet, and to marry Marcella Robina, third daughter of the late Theophilus Carpenter, Esq., of Cherryfield, a gentleman who travelled the road to ruin in a coach-and-four.

It was this lady, popular opinion believed, who "turned" Richard Charles from Presbyterianism to the "Establishment," but that estimable man's enemies sneeringly said he was glad enough to go the way he wanted under shelter of a woman's petticoats.

The Rev. Dr. Cooke—affectionately nicknamed "The Cock of the North"—declared that "when people got rich enough to set up a jaunting-car, they ceased walking to meeting and drove to church."

Mr. Vince's conversion was delayed till after the purchase of a carriage-and-pair. If he could have combined the society of great persons and the Westminster Confession of Faith, it is possible he might never have left his old religion; but it was easier to step from church into the grand houses, the doors of which opened for him and his wife, and he retained the good word and will of the Presbyterians by benefactions which they styled "princely" and deeds properly described as "worthy."

His life was, indeed, spent in "conciliating"—irreverent persons said something about Vince trying to hedge for this world and the next, and quoted that text which warns a person to fear when all men speak well of him; but there can be no question Mr. Vince did an enormous amount of good, and charity is a gift-horse that certainly ought not to be looked too closely in the mouth.

Sprung almost from the people himself, his greatest pride was to associate with those vaguely designated by the lower orders in Ireland "the quality." He did like a man able to trace a long line of aristocratic ancestors. Ulick Boyle, of Boyle Court, county Mayo, had always been a great feather in his cap, and when he wrote to his cousin, whom he had never even in his youngest and her best days either liked or admired, offering his condolences on the death of a man descended not merely from an old but a wealthy stock, he was perfectly sincere in saying if he could take any trouble off her hands she might command his services. What he meant was that as the Boyles had property in the county Down he could see to anything connected with it for her; the idea that she would come rushing to Belfast herself never entered his mind. The imagination of woman is, however, quicker than that of man, and the moment Mrs. Vince heard of Mrs. Boyle's advent, she said, "She has come intending to plant herself on us for a long visit."

"Then her expectations will be disappointed," thought Mr. Vince, but he possessed his soul in silence.

He had known his cousin Milly as maid and matron, and he did not wish his wife to know her as a widow. He had seen her giggling, flirting, coquetting with many sorts and conditions of men, and he secretly determined the sacred threshold of Craigvallen, once inhabited by "the best in the county," should not be crossed by her profane feet. Without

ever actually turning a cold shoulder to the whole dreadful Vince connection, he had managed to keep his many, many relations at arms' length. He helped, advised, and occasionally found money for them; but they thoroughly understood such benefits were not to be presumed upon, or made the excuse for any "hail, fellow, well met" sort of familiarity. Richard Charles was Mr. Vince to them all round; indeed, Richard Charles was Mr. Vince to most persons except Mrs. Vince, who, considering formality between man and wife bad form, called him Richard from the day she consented to be his.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Boyle," he began, a little awkwardly, for the spectacle of Ulick Boyle's widow dissolved in tears, and the sight of Ulick Boyle's generous heart looking at him through the dead man's daughter's eyes, seemed for the moment rather more than he could bear.

"No, Richard Vince, you are not sorry," sobbed Mrs. Boyle; "and it is no use your sitting there and telling me what you know is not true. All you want is to give me the cut go-by; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sitting there calling your first cousin on the father's side Mrs. Boyle. But it is just what I might have expected; when poverty comes in at the door, friends jump out of the window. They do, as if it was a fire. Get up, Berna, don't be kneeling there, spoiling your crape on the dusty carpet; you'll have to be careful of your clothes, for dear only knows when you'll get any more."

"It is a very hard position," ventured Mr. Vince, who felt it was exceedingly hard for him; "but if you would only look it sensibly in the face, we"—

"Talk's cheap," interrupted the widow. "From a boy you'd always a gift of the gab. No, it's no use, Berna; I'll just say out what's in my mind, and then if I'm no richer I'll be easier—for goodness sake, girl, let go hold of my arm, you'll have it black and blue, pinching it like that; you know a fair skin like mine marks in a minute."

"I assure you"—tried Mr. Vince, in vain expostulation.

"I tell you it's no manner of use trying to deceive me. I have known you all my life, and I never knew much good of you, and it is a burning shame for you to treat your own full-blood cousin, whose father gave you the first shove you ever had from shore, as if she was dirt under your feet, not fit to be spoken to. I wouldn't be as unkind to a dog as you have been to me; and after me always sticking up for my own family, too. I never said an ill word about one of the Vincés. Did I, Berna?"

"I never heard you, mamma," agreed Berna, who had, after that little misfortune in regard to her mother's "fair skin," risen from the floor and resumed her seat beside the turkey's thigh-bone.

"There now, you hear what she says? You mightn't take

my word, but you can't be off believing her. Not but what I could have found plenty bad to tell if I'd liked to tell it. I haven't forgot how your father took Cripple's Farm over the head of that quiet, decent woman, Tom Daman's widow—ay, and sure enough he hadn't a day's luck after it, and—maybe your luck, Richard, may turn yet. And I mind me how Sam Vince—that's your uncle and mine, you know—cheated young Craig over the black mare he sold him at Straid, and how if it hadn't been for my father, whose daughter you think so little of.”

“If you have the slightest influence over your mother,” said Mr. Vince, addressing Berna, and drowning the final portion of Mrs. Boyle's denunciation with his harsh, deep tones, “will you advise her to cease this crazy rambling and let us discuss her future plans in a reasonable spirit?”

The sneer with which his kinswoman greeted a suggestion by no means ridiculous amounted to a snort. Construing the words of Richard Charles into a sign of weakness, she determined to have another round, and accordingly recommenced.

“It'll be a fine story for me to tell Amelia Sheill and the rest of them how, not content with turning up your nose at me yourself, you tried to set my own child against her mother. She was self-willed enough, goodness knows, before. I don't know what she'll be like now she's got the Master of Craigvallen and the husband of old Theoph. Carpenter's daughter to back her up in her undutiful ways.”

“Oh! mamma, I'm not undutiful; indeed, indeed, I am not,” said the girl, almost crying.

“And lest I should, for the second time, prove inadvertently the cause of arousing your resentment against a young lady I most sincerely pity, I will bid you good morning,” remarked Mr. Vince, in his best and most stately manner.

“You're not going off in that way,” cried Mrs. Boyle, jumping up as she saw Richard Charles advancing to shake hands with her daughter, whose eyes were swimming in tears. “You're never going to leave me, without a friend in the world I can turn to, and with a child who hasn't the faintest chance of making a good match and setting us all up again. I didn't mean to anger you. I wouldn't give Amelia Sheill, or one of them, the satisfaction of saying—‘The Vincés have been at it again. It's Milly and Richard aren't on speaking terms now.’”

“I am afraid, if your friend Miss Sheill confines herself to the truth, that is precisely what she will have to say,” retorted Mr. Vince.

“Don't go!” entreated the widow, “don't go for any sake, and don't be vexed with me. Sure that was only my fun about Craigvallen. I wouldn't be paid to drive out there tiring myself looking at things that can never do me any good. All I want is a roof to cover my head and put my boxes under. I was thinking we, maybe, might get some quiet lodging at Mount Pottinger, or along the Botanic-road. I don't care what it is like, so that we can just turn ourselves round.”

Instantly there arose before Mr. Vince's mind a vision of the fascinating Milly, as he remembered her in that evil time departed, ere Mr. Ulick Boyle at one and the same moment tied such a millstone round his own neck and relieved the Vince connection from the burden of a woman who had rendered the lives of all her relations a weariness and a terror.

He could see again her veil floating in the wind, her scarf dropping off her shoulders, her unduly short and scanty skirts, beneath which sandalled shoes and “clocked” open-work stockings were as much in evidence as her pink cheeks and golden curls, and “heavenly” blue eyes under the brim of the enormous bonnets in vogue when she was in her teens, and long after. She knew a family resident in the Shankhill-road, and from the fastnesses of that locality she was wont to make desperate descents on the youth and manhood of Belfast.

Twenty times a day she was to be seen in company with two or three girls of her acquaintance passing and repassing the news-room. Hercules-street, High-street, Bridge-street, Donegall-street, North-street, Rosemary-street, and High-street again, that was the usual round of the charming damsels, with occasional forays along Donegall-place and a rush for raspberry puffs into the corn market and Kitty Linden's, from whence a strategic movement was often made into Ann-street, in order to see whether any supplies could be wrung from papa.

And now she was a widow, and the world had gone on; and poor Mr. Vince, compelled constantly to frequent all these places of public resort, thought how awful it would be—to meet a streaming crape veil, and a voluminous black shawl, and that little lithe figure, and that washed-out complexion at high noon “where men do congregate.”

He could not do it. Life would not be worth having. He must make some terms with her; money was no object in comparison to getting rid of Mrs. Boyle.

“There are many places,” he began, “where living is so much cheaper than in a large town, that”—

“No, thank you,” interrupted the widow; “it was bad enough when there was plenty and to spare, where we'd be a month at a time without a soul, besides beggars coming to the house, except the priest and the Rector; and now I'm in a manner destitute, I don't mean to settle myself down where there's not a creature to speak to, and not a thing to see but bog and the Atlantic.”

“Then why not go to Dublin?”—

“Why not go to New York?”

“Why should you not?” asked Mr. Vince, eagerly, too eagerly by far.

“For the same good reason I'm not going to Dublin. What would become of me, where I don't know man, woman, or child? No, I've friends here, and here I mean to stay; and whenever it clears up a bit I'll put on my bonnet and call on a few I know, and maybe they'll put me in the way of getting a couple of cheap rooms, for an hotel is ruin; there's no other name for it.”

“My time is valuable, and as I cannot possibly assist you in your search for lodgings, I will bid you good-by,” said Mr. Vince, with great decision.

“Well, you have the temper!” exclaimed Mrs. Boyle. “I wouldn't own one like it for all the money in the Bank of Ireland; ay, that's just the way your father went off the morning”—but her words fell only on Berna's unwilling ears—Mr. Vince, in despair, had left the room, and was half-way down stairs. The widow was too much for him. What sin could he have committed to call down this judgment? He had been too prosperous, too much uplifted; he had gone once to a Catholic church in Paris; he had discharged a clerk in anger, and refused to give him a character, and he believed that man was now in the workhouse.

He would see what he could do for him; he would try to get into Parliament, and move Heaven and earth, to rush a bill through the House doing away with all relationships except those of man and wife, parent and child. He knew he could make a telling speech on such a subject. It was awful, it was most unjust, that a man like himself, who had worked hard all his life, and been reasonable, and made the name of Vince respected and respectable, should, now he was past fifty, have such a cousin as Mrs. Boyle planted down in his locality. It was horrible. Even in a nightmare he had never suffered

such agonies, and all because he would not ask her to Craigvallen. He felt he should prefer, if it came to that point, to sell Craigvallen and go abroad, rather than have the dread and fear of his cousin Milly on his mind. That day all things went wrong with Mr. Vince. If the ever-vernal Milly had come into Belfast with sound of trumpet and beat of drum and proclamation of herald he could not more utterly have been possessed by the feeling that the whole Corporation was aware of the fact that she was stopping in Cunningham's Hotel. It would not be long—at all events, his reason told him—before half the town was aware of her presence.

He had boasted about the Boyle connection; he had talked familiarly concerning the view from Boyle Court; the speed and stay of Mr. Boyle's hunters, the number of acres he owned, his shore and mountain rights, his tenants, his grandmother, his second cousin, Sir Herbert Boyle, who, having done great deeds out in Afghanistan, was knighted by her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria; and now here was the widow of that same Mr. Ulick Boyle back again in Ulster, lacking a penny, figuratively speaking, to bless herself with, and by far a greater fool—so it seemed to the unhappy merchant—than before her marriage.

Richard Charles felt that altogether the humiliation was more than he could bear; the business salt even lost its savour, and there seemed nothing left wherewith the desert of his life could be fertilised. As for blossoming like the rose, that was now impossible. Never—never since Good Fortune (seeing what a nice, steady, smectimonious, utterly respectable young man had come up from Ballyclare) adopted him for her own—did a sensation of more utter wretchedness paralyse all his energies. Irritable himself, he was the cause of irritability in others. “The weather had got into his temper,” the clerks declared; and then they cursed the weather in a most improper manner, and made the office-boys scapegoats on whom they laid all manner of crimes and shortcomings, and drove them out into the rain without compunction, as, of old, the Israelites cheerfully sent the sin-laden beast over the burning sands of that terrible wilderness their own feet had trodden.

“You poor dear man!” said Mrs. Vince, when, after dinner, she was told the whole story (Mr. Vince did not even try to keep the full horror of what had come to town from his wife's knowledge). “Somehow you have managed to totally mismanage your delightful relation. I shall go and see her. I am very, very sure she won't talk that sort of nonsense to me.”

“But, Marcella, I really do not like your coming into contact with such a woman,” replied her husband.

“Leave all that to me,” was the cheerful answer; and happy now he had confessed the worst, and feeling assured he could not possibly leave the whole matter in better hands, Mr. Vince, leaning back in his solid mahogany morocco-covered easy-chair, sank into a blissful nap.

CHAPTER IV.

Having, as it seemed, done his best to ruin the hay crop of the whole of the North of Ireland, the good Saint Swithin suddenly relented, and, except for an occasional shower, called, according to the taste of the speaker, a “dribble,” a “spurt,” or a “few drops for heat,” did no further real injury.

The rich, long grass, “laid” so hopelessly by twenty-four hours' incessant rain, was at length cut, and, as the English say, “in swarf.” Much of it had, however, still to be scattered and dried; “but if,” said Mr. Muir, “with the Lord's help, we're able to get it into cock before more rain comes, we'll do yet.”

It was at breakfast, seven anxious days after that morning, when he stood splicing his gig-whip and “threeeping” with Bell, who, in the long run, generally got the best of such encounters, that Mr. Muir made this statement for anyone to appropriate who pleased.

As it happened, no person did appropriate or even verbally notice it. “The Ensign” shot a telling glance at Carline, which Miss Muir intercepted. The five children invited over for “the haymaking to toss and ted” were looking ruefully at their messes of semi-cold porridge—served in soup-plates. Mr. Muir's second daughter was absent, superintending the frying of a further supply of bacon and eggs—fat bacon, salt, moreover, and eggs fried in that fat—and there was no one else present.

As a rule, Mr. Muir so far unbent as to take his meals in the kitchen. It was a cheerful kitchen, well lighted, with red-tiled floor, walls coloured a tint of warm yellow ochre, a fireplace large enough to roast an ox, generally well filled with blazing peat, over which, on a massive crane hung suspended a huge pot, or burly kettle, or leviathan griddle, according to the nature of the food in preparation. There was nothing to object to about the kitchen, with its well scrubbed dresser ornamented to overflowing with homely delft, its walls decorated with lids of copper and tin, in which as in a convex mirror the faces of the family were reflected lugubriously lengthened, its warmth, its look of plenty increased by the fitches of bacon and rounds of hung beef depending from great hooks in the ceiling; its hearth littered with feathery ashes from the glowing turf; its look-out into the farmyard, with just a glimpse of orchard and waving trees beyond; the great oven, in which myriad tarts and tartlets, destined to be consumed by “the best in the land,” had been baked to a turn in the days which were departed; but when the young officer declared himself sufficiently recovered from the effects of that awful accident that threw him maimed and insensible on the hospitality of a man he only knew as a sort of eccentric horse-dealer, to be able to leave his sleeping apartment and join the family circle, Mr. Muir's fiat went forth.

“We'll eat in the parlour while the Ensign stops here,” Bell, said that estimable maiden's papa; “and don't be stinting us in the tea, and we'll have white sugar instead of brown; I'll fetch it for you from Forster Green's; and get out the good cloths your mother brought me, the Ardoyne damask, with the beautiful wreaths of convolvulus running all over it as natural as among the gooseberry bushes ‘out by’ in the garden.”

“I like the two with the rose, shamrock, and thistle in posies dotted about, or that pair where the bunches of lilies are tied up by true lovers' knots best myself,” urged Miss Muir, the spirit of contradiction and a hatred of anything flowing and unsymmetrical stirring well within her heart.

“Never mind you, Bell, what you like or dislike,” returned her genial parent, “You do what I tell you. Bring out the finest and best Ardoyne can do, and some day we'll ask the young man who has dined with Baronets and Earls whether England, spite of all her money, can show better work than Michael Andrews turns out in the old place at Ardoyne, where the sun peeps in through the low wide sashes, and the men can see the tremble of green leaves and hear the songs of wild birds standing before their Jacquard looms.”

“If you go on praising Ireland that way to the Ensign, he'll be telling you one day she's just what the English make her out.”

“And that's —?” said Mr. Muir, interrogatively and defiantly.

“Not much to boast about,” returned the fair Bell, reluctantly leaving the room to find those hoarded cloths, concerning which her father had spoken.

Between herself and the young officer there existed a sort of armed neutrality, the lines of which were being constantly overstepped by one or other of the high contracting powers: now it was Miss Muir who stealthily made a sly flank movement; again it was her opponent, who gave the lady what she called a “slap with his tongue.” There was no possible subject concerning which they failed to disagree; and Mr. Muir was wont to sit enjoying the war of words, glad at heart to hear Bell getting the worst of the encounter. “The Ensign has a calm sort of way with him you can make no head against,” the farmer constantly told his daughter; “you had best take advice, my woman, and let him alone.”

“He won't let me alone,” answered Miss Muir; “and it is just beyond my patience to see him treated, as he is, like some wee god. He hasn't a thought to spare for anything but himself, as you'll maybe find out to your cost some day. Look at the money we've been out already with him; and all the thanks you need ever look for will be just a jeer. I don't know what you see about him, I'm sure; and as for Carline, —”

“What of her?” asked Mr. Muir, sharply.

“Oh! not much; but likely you'll find it enough,” retorted Bell, who was wildly jealous of her half-sister's lovely face, and whose accusations generally took the form of hint and innuendo. According to Bell, the wit and wisdom and sagacity of the whole household was concentrated in her own homely person. She thought more than anybody; she suspected things which no one else ever thought of; she was a detective officer and a prophet of evil conjoined; and Mr. Muir disliked her as much as he could “one of his own blood.”

“If you speak at all, Bell,” he said, “it would be as well if you'd speak out.”

“I make no doubt I could find plenty to speak about,” she replied; “but it mightn't be quite agreeable.”

Mr. Muir thought of this oracular utterance as he looked at Carline and the officer, who faced each other. He had thought of it and various other dark sayings let drop from time to time by the immaculate Bell; but the hay and the weather, and a perplexity he was in about his son, had hitherto prevented that fitting of two and two together he felt necessary to make a good job of the matter. Now, however, a something indefinable about Carline's downcast eyes, and the manner in which she handed bread across to the officer, caused him to wonder when that young man would be well enough to return to head-quarters.

He wanted him to buy a horse before leaving Ardilaw, but Ensign Ludham seemed to be in no more violent hurry to conclude that purchase than to confess himself quite off the sick list. “I must do something,” was Mr. Muir's mental conclusion, and then he asked his guest—

“Are you not for any porridge, Ensign, before you've your breakfast? There is nothing like a bowl of it and about a pint of milk for starting the day.”

“Thank you, Mr. Muir. I am sure you are sincere in your views; but if the day can only be started satisfactorily on porridge, I should prefer never starting it at all.”

“Some day you may be glad to get porridge,” broke in Miss Muir.

“I have sinned, I admit,” returned her adversary; “but I really do not think I have sinned sufficiently to deserve such a punishment.”

“It is a shame to hear you abuse good food that way, and before the children, too,” persisted Bell.

“Ah! I forgot the children; and one ought always to be moral before the young. My dears, if you eat a few pounds of boiled meal every morning you will grow up healthy, happy, and wise; if you do not you will fall into evil courses, and probably come to want even a cold potato. There, Miss Muir, could your favourite minister have delivered a better discourse?”

“They'll have to make haste and finish, or we'll have night on us before they get out into the fields,” interposed Mr. Muir, who did not at all relish this incursion of innocent life, and often informed his daughter the “imps spoil more nor they made.” “What with burying one another in it, and rolling and stretching themselves their length, the hay is not fit for a cow to eat, let alone a horse. I had to take a whip to them yesterday; the grass in the upland had just been put into cop when they came tearing down from the paddock, leaving the gate wide after them. In five minutes, ay! in two, every cop was flat, the three colts galloping about like mad, and the children clapping hands and hurrooing till you'd have thought the Siege of Derry was on again. Yes just let me catch you at such a game a second time, and I'll not merely chastise you myself, but I'll walk you over to your father, and you'll see what he'll give you.”

“It is the unknown which is always terrible,” observed Ensign Ludham, as the small sinners drooped their heads, and meekly devoured their messes of pottage.

“I'm thinking they know all about it well enough,” said Miss Muir, eager for another round. “They've felt the weight of their father's hand often enough.”

“How touching! What a delightful thing to possess such a father.”

“Here's Sam Dopp,” exclaimed all the children in a breath.

“They are not able to make any noise, are they?” said the young officer. “There are few things more exhilarating than to hear five sets of lungs shouting as with one mouth.”

“Would you have the poor things never open their lips?” asked Miss Muir, in stern reproach.

“I wonder what can be bringing Sam over here to-day, and his own hay only half cut?” mumbled Mr. Muir.

Mr. Sam Dopp put in a personal appearance in answer to that question. Just as the farmer finished his sentence the veritable Sam—who was a rather slouching sort of individual, with eyes that did not exactly match—opened the door and looked solemnly in. Then he said, he wouldn't intrude—he wanted to speak a word, but there was no hurry—he would step “out by” and “throw his eye” over the stable—he had breakfasted—“thank you all the same.”

“Come in and sit down, man,” expostulated Mr. Muir; “if you won't eat you can look on, and it is not totally impossible you might fancy a bit of bacon after your walk. This is Ensign Ludham that got the smashing fall you've heard tell of.” Whereupon, with cruel and elaborate civility, Ensign Ludham rose, bowed, and offered Mr. Sam his chair, but Sam would have none of it.

“Don't put yourself out of the way, Sir, for me,” he entreated. “I'll do very well here,” and he took a seat as remote from the table and as inconvenient for purposes of conversation as was procurable.

“Now, children,” began Mr. Muir, “if you can find nothing to do here but to sit staring you might as well go into the field. Mind what I told you,” he added, as they filed out of the room; “you'll go home, sure as you're living, if you don't behave yourselves.”

“If I behave myself very well, indeed, Mr. Muir, may I not go into the field and toss hay, too?” asked the Ensign. “I think it would make me feel quite young again.”

"And I think you had better take care of yourself for a day or two more. The sooner you get strong—the sooner you'll be able to go back to your work. I am sure your Colonel must be breaking his heart to see you again."

"I imagine he must. As you are aware, Miss Muir, I am universally loved and respected."

"That is a good hearing," sneered Bell.

"I had to pass the office this morning, and so I thought I might as well ask if they had a letter for you," said Mr. Dopp, wrestling with the torn lining of his coat before he could find the pocket where he had deposited something belonging to Mr. Muir. "Oh! here it is. They said it was from your son, and you'd be glad to get it early."

"Do they open your correspondence at the post office, then, Mr. Muir?" asked his guest.

"They know the writing," answered the farmer, even more curtly than was his habit.

He did not open the letter, though his fingers were itching to do so; but sat twirling it round and round, waiting for Mr. Sam Dopp's next word.

Finding that word did not come, however, he himself took the initiative.

"And what can I do for you this fine morning?" he asked.

"Well, I just stepped round to know if you had thought better about the cottage"—and Mr. Dopp turned his head and stared straight out of the window while waiting for Mr. Muir's reply, which did not immediately ensue. "I don't think the pigs would do you any hurt," went on Sam, in a mournful monotone; "they're wholesome creatures, and I'd build the sty myself. You see, I have to be clear out by November; and it is ill to have to be looking for a house at that time of the year if you've a lot of young ones."

This remark, which seemed addressed to the landscape, rather than to Mr. Muir, was received by that gentleman in dead silence. He drank a cup of tea, while Bell sat eyeing him eagerly, before he answered.

"We've no call to argue the matter any more, Sam. If I had the will I could not set you the place now. It is out of my hands. I've let it."

"Preserve us!" exclaimed Miss Muir. "When did you do that?"

"The last day I was in the town."

"And you never let on a word of what you had done?"

"Why would I be talking about my concerns? There are plenty of women going open-mouthed about the world."

"But you couldn't keep it a secret for ever, and you might as well have told us about your good fortune at first as at last."

"I am the best judge of that."

"Let us hope your father has found a tenant to his mind, Miss Muir," mischievously suggested Ensign Ludham, who indeed felt jubilant over Bell's discomfiture.

"It is early days to know much about him, whoever he may be," retorted the lady.

"If you must know, it is not a him at all. It is a widow woman, with the best of relations."

"You had better be careful, Mr. Muir," said the officer, laughing.

"I mean to be; there is not the woman born I'd care to bring home again. I've had three wives, and that's enough for me."

"You do not want to be too greedy?"

"No; I'll content myself now; but all this won't get the hay up. I must be going, and with a nod to Mr. Dopp, who, since the uprooting of all those hopes so sedulously nursed by Bell, had sat like one dazed by some startling intelligence, the farmer left the room, and proceeding to the kitchen, which was entirely deserted, sat down to read his letter. He went over its contents three times, then he went up to his bedroom and locked it away. After that he walked briskly to a meadow already dotted with those picturesque haystacks the climate of Ireland necessitates ere the crop can be safely gathered into great ricks, where he remained harrying his labourers and the women, who also were hard at work, till dinner-time approached, when he thoughtfully retraced his steps towards the house.

As he came within sight of an angle formed by the garden hedge, he caught just the flutter of a woman's skirt whisking off as fast as its wearer could hurry away.

Changing his own course, and entering the garden, he saw the Ensign apparently engaged in wrapt contemplation of a currant-bush, on which the young fry had not left a single berry.

"I am glad to find you are able to walk so far," he said. "I hope you'll not do yourself any injury."

The officer, turning as though he had not heard the sound of Mr. Muir's footsteps, smiled as he answered,

"Oh! no; I really am getting quite strong again."

"That will be good news for all your friends."

"You are very kind to say so, Mr. Muir. If it had not been for the nursing and hospitality received in your house, my friends would scarcely have heard that good news for many a long day."

Perfectly well the young scamp knew war would shortly be declared by the man who had accorded him shelter and a welcome; but so long as it suited the farmer to keep his claws hidden, Ensign Ludham determined to take no notice of such things being in existence.

"If you have not been tiring yourself out, maybe you'd have a mind to walk with me as far as the field after dinner," suggested Mr. Muir.

"Nothing I should like better. Had it not been for your prohibition I should have followed you this morning—but I really do want to get well and strong. I must not presume on such kindness as I have received here for ever."

Mr. Muir was wary enough not to commit himself to anything which might be construed into a further invitation, but yet he belonged to a people too genuinely hospitable to remain totally silent.

"That's nothing—nothing at all," he said, in a courtly spirit of compromise.

"Nothing!" repeated his guest. "I'd like to know who would have done for a total stranger what you have."

"I'd be very sorry to think any one of the neighbours wouldn't have done as much, at any rate," answered Mr. Muir, feeling he had scored another trick against the English.

"Bell wants to know if she'll put the dinner down again."

It was one of the children who ran across the yard to put this question in all its original force.

"We're coming—we're coming. You see," added Mr. Muir, by way of indirect apology, "she's thinking about the crop. My daughter Bell is a very thrifty young woman."

"I never before had the pleasure of meeting anyone more thrifty," said Ensign Ludham. "Admirable in every relation of life."

Mr. Muir did not feel quite satisfied on this latter point, so he wisely held his tongue.

"Won't you draw up your chair?" suggested Miss Muir to the officer as he entered the room, where she was already seated at the head of the festive board. "I hope you can eat boiled beef and greens. Lizzie, just set the Ensign a plate for his skins."

"I assure you, Miss Muir, I have only one," said the irrepressible Ensign; but he did not look across at Carline as he spoke. Since breakfast matters had progressed to a stage in which glances are rather avoided.

"Aye, aye," thought the farmer, on whom no sign, how ever trivial, was now lost; "it's time you got your marching orders, my boy."

For a few minutes there was little said; scarcely a sound broke the stillness but the clatter of knives and forks, and an occasional request for potatoes. Even Miss Muir, who had some small household care on her mind, refrained from what her father was wont to term "side wipes." She did not fling indirect taunts at the Ensign for preferring water to milk in any form; the children having happily been provided with a sufficient meal in the kitchen, it was not possible for her to bid them sit up, or eat properly, or in any other way instruct them in the way they should go; whilst during the whole of dinner she spoke no word of scorn even to Carline, whose shortcomings usually furnished an interlude whenever conversation flagged, as it had often a knack of doing—not wholly peculiar to Ardilaw.

"That beef's not bad, Bell; I think I could take another cut," said Mr. Muir, after a silence devoted entirely to the benefit of his inner man; then, as the red-armed, rough-handed Phyllis called Poll carried his plate round for that second supply of food he felt the case required, he added, as a casual piece of information of no great importance—

"I've got a bit of news for you all. You may look to see Gorman next week. That's my only son, you know, Ensign—my first born."

The bit of news dropped like a shell amongst those present. Miss Muir sat with carving knife and fork suspended in mid air; Sarah and Carline turned and stared at their father in amazement; Molly nearly let the plate she was holding drop, so great was her astonishment; while for a moment even Ensign Ludham failed presence of mind to say—

"I remember—that is the gentleman you told me had been adopted when quite a child by his uncle."

"That's quite right. His mother's uncle took him from me when he was only three years of age."

"And he has never been in this part of the country since, Ensign," observed Miss Muir.

"How glad you will be to see him," commented the Ensign, with a benignant smile, happy to think there were evil days in store for Bell—days during the course of which his own many grievances would be amply avenged.

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY.

LADY JANE KNOX.

Lady Jane Knox died at her residence, Trotton House, Sussex, on the 31st ult., in her seventy-first year. Her Ladyship was elder daughter of Lawrence, second Earl of Rosse, so distinguished as Sir Lawrence Parsons in the Irish Parliament; and sister of William, third Earl, the famous astronomer. She married, Dec. 12, 1835, Arthur Edward Knox, of Castlereagh, in the county of Mayo, formerly 2nd Life Guards, and had issue. Her eldest son, the late Major Lawrence Edward Knox, at one time M.P. for Sligo, was proprietor of the well-known Dublin paper, *The Irish Times*.

THE DOWAGER LADY KINGSALE.

The Right Hon. Sarah, Baroness Kingsale, died on the 31st ult., at Salcombe, near Kingsbridge, Devon, aged eighty-three. Her Ladyship, second daughter of Mr. Joseph Chadder, was married, in 1825, to John Stapleton de Courcy, twenty-eighth Lord Kingsale, premier Baron of Ireland, who inherited the curious privilege of wearing his hat in the Royal presence. The issue of the marriage consisted of two sons, successive Lords Kingsale (who are both deceased), and of two daughters.

MAJOR-GENERAL PAYNTER.

Major-General David William Paynter, C.B., died at Bath, on the 30th ult., aged sixty-seven. He was third son of Mr. David Runwa Paynter (of the family of Paynter, of Dale, in the county of Pembroke), by Katherine Lady Aylmer, his wife, sister of Charles, Earl Whitworth, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1833, became Colonel in 1858, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1867. He served in the Crimea, had a medal with four clasps, the fifth class of the Medjidie and the Turkish medal, and was created a Companion of the Bath in 1855. His eldest brother, Colonel Howell Price Paynter, C.B., was mortally wounded at Chillianwallah, and his second, the late Vice-Admiral James Aylmer Paynter, fought at Navarino.

MR. CREWE-READ.

Mr. Offley Malcolm Crewe-Read, of Plas Dinam, Llandinam, Montgomeryshire, J.P. and D.L., late Captain R.N., died on the 2nd inst. He was born Sept. 13, 1821, the second son of Mr. John Offley Crewe-Read, of Llandinam and Wern, by Charlotte Prestwood, his wife, daughter of Sir Willoughby Lake, K.C.B., and was grandson of the Rev. Offley Crewe, M.A., whose father, the Rev. Randolph Crewe, LL.D., was uncle of the first Lord Crewe. He succeeded to the estates at the decease of his brother in 1862, and served as High Sheriff of Montgomeryshire in 1870. He married Charlotte Lucy, daughter of Mr. Thomas Marmaduke George, and leaves one son, Offley John, who is married to a granddaughter of the second Lord Erskine.

MR. MERRIFIELD.

Mr. Charles Watkins Merrifield, F.R.S., Barrister-at-Law, late Senior Examiner in the Education Department, died on the 1st inst., at Brighton, aged fifty-six. He entered the Educational Department of the Privy Council in 1847; in 1867 became Honorary Secretary of the Institution of Naval Architects, and was appointed Vice-Principal and afterwards Principal of the Royal School of Naval Architecture. Mr. Merrifield contributed many papers on naval architecture and other technical subjects to the Transactions of various societies, and published a good deal on pure and applied mathematics. He edited for many years "Longman's Text Books of Science." He frequently acted as assessor in the Wreck Commissioners' Court; was formerly President of the London Mathematical Society; and in 1876 was President of the Mathematical Section of the British Association.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Henry Wakefield Butcher, the devoted missionary in Central Africa, recently, at Manyanga.

Mira Hawkins, Comtesse d'Estampes, wife of Louis Berthold Edgard, Comte d'Estampes, and daughter of the late Colonel Charles Trelawny Brereton, on the 23rd ult.

Mary Anne, Lady Leith, widow of General Sir Alexander Leith, K.C.B., of Freefield, and eldest daughter of Mr. Roderick Mackenzie, of Glack, county Aberdeen, on the 30th ult., aged eighty.

Lady Amelia Rose Jebb, widow of Major-General Sir Joshua Jebb, R.E., daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Chichester, and granddaughter of Francis, fifth Duke of Leeds, on the 2nd inst., at The Grove, Boltons, aged seventy-seven.

Jane, Lady Barker-Mill, widow of the Rev. Sir John Barker-Mill, first and last Baronet, of Chichester, and daughter of Colonel Swinburne, of Keynsham, on the 2nd inst., at Mottisfont Abbey, Romsey, in her eighty-sixth year.

The Rev. Charles Rew, M.A., B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and Rector of Cranham, Essex, on the 25th ult., aged sixty-nine. He was for some years secretary of the Diocesan Education Board.

Mr. W. P. Burton, the water-colour painter, and a constant exhibitor at our principal exhibitions, on the 31st ult., at the residence of his sister, at Cults, near Aberdeen. He was fifty-six years of age.

The Rev. George Musgrave, M.A., of Shillington Manor, Beds, and Borden Hall, Kent, on the 26th ult., aged eighty-five; distinguished in the literary world as the translator of Homer's "Odyssey," and the author of "Travels in France" and other works. He was grandson of George Musgrave, M.P. for Carlisle, whose father, George Musgrave, was a younger son of Sir Christopher Musgrave, fourth Baronet, of Edenhall.

THE CONVICT PRISON, DARTMOOR.

We lately gave some account of the large prison at Prince's Town, Dartmoor, for convicts under sentence of penal servitude; and we now present a second series of Illustrations, including those of some prisoners working as tailors, others as carpenters, and one doomed to turned a crank, according to his estimated strength, from 10,500 to 14,500 times a day, with no better effect of utility than "grinding the air." This last-mentioned exercise is felt to be most humiliating, and is only imposed, as an occasional penance, upon those prisoners who have wilfully misbehaved themselves and broken the rules of the establishment. For the rest, whether employed in the granite-quarries, on the farm, or in the workshops indoors, they have no real sufferings to endure beyond the irksomeness of strict discipline and enforced labour, which must indeed be very disagreeable to persons of idle, lawless, and irregular previous life. The regulations enforced at the Dartmoor prison with reference to the daily routine, the hours of work and rest, the food dietary, and the division of classes, with their allotment to different occupations, were precisely explained in our former notice of this subject. Among the features common to this and to other prisons and Houses of Correction is the peep-hole, with an iron lid, in the door of each cell, through which the warder can quietly look in and see the solitary inmate, if he has any suspicion that mischievous practices are attempted, or if he hears any unusual noise. Every prisoner, moreover, has to rise at five o'clock in the morning, to wash and dress himself, and then to clean out his cell; so that it may be necessary to look in and see that they are stirring betimes. Their breakfast, dinner, and supper are taken in the cells; after which they may read, if they can, the books lent them from the prison library, or they may write letters; while those who cannot read and write may learn of the prison schoolmaster, during two hours of the evening. All lights are extinguished at eight o'clock. By good conduct and industry, a convict may get one fourth of the term of his sentence remitted, and may earn a grant of money, to the amount of £3, with which to start in life when he comes out. We have already described the buildings at Prince's Town, which were originally erected for the French prisoners of war seventy or eighty years ago. The mortality among them was not excessive, but there is a burial-ground for those who died here, with a monument erected by Captain W. J. Stopford in 1865. Some of the American prisoners of war are interred in a separate inclosure.

THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

Some rigorous and austere censors of the domestic life of modern times have objected to allowing young ladies to spend half their days and nights in novel-reading, which is said to be too stimulating a diet for the youthful feminine imagination, and rather apt to cause a disinclination for the actual performance of home duties. But a maiden lady of sixty, with no very pressing demands upon her time, and with sufficient knowledge of the world, and settled views of her own destiny in this life, to discard fantastic day-dreams, so far as she is personally concerned, may harmlessly indulge in the consumption of three volumes weekly of mild prose fiction, the supply of which from Mudie's Library, or from the circulating Book Club of her district, will not fail to answer the demand. It is now past eleven o'clock, the hour at which she is accustomed to retire to rest; but we see her, with the second volume in hand, still lingering beside her little work-table, where the teapot and the unopened basket stand in dignified repose beneath the pots of geraniums in the parlour window; and she is reluctant to lay down the book till she has finished this most interesting chapter. It tells how Lady Gwendoline unexpectedly met Captain Macpherson, her former admirer, in a gondola on the Grand Canal at Venice, when she had been led to believe that he was braving the perils of Kafir warfare in South Africa, having vowed to seek death at three months' date after the fatal determination of Gwendoline to marry the Earl of Bilberry. We have read all this, and a great deal more of the same kind, at least a hundred times over, with some little alteration of names and circumstances in the piles of new novels which come from the publishers every season; and we are fully prepared to sympathise with the elderly gentlewoman's natural desire to get to "the end of the chapter" before she goes to her chamber. The fate of the heroine and of the hero, and of the rival objects of attention, or the subordinate personages in the story, will not at all disturb the soundness of her slumbers when at length she goes to bed, though she is pretty sure to send for the third volume to-morrow afternoon. They come like shadows, and so depart, others following in quick succession, and she will have forgotten their very names, and will mix up their adventures with the incidents of some other tale, before the expiration of the next month. Yet it is a merciful solace of her lonely existence to be able to read novels for the pastime of these long evening hours.

Replying to a deputation from the London Trades Council, in reference to the proposed railway from Paddington to Westminster, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre said the Government, having been assured that it would prove a public benefit, did not intend to veto the scheme, though imposing certain conditions as to the depth of the tunnel, the safety of the trees, the absence of blow-holes, and other matters.

In connection with the Beaumont Trust, the Clothworkers' Company have voted £1000 towards the scheme for erecting a People's Palace in East London.—The Goldsmiths' Company have sent £50 towards the erection of Mr. F. N. Charrington's new Great Assembly Hall, Mile-end-road.—The Saddlers' Company have voted five guineas, and the Company of Gun-makers five pounds, towards the enlargement of the Country Branch of Mrs. Hilton's crèche, &c., in Stepney-causeway.—The Fishmongers' Company have voted £25 towards the expenses of the National Fish Culture Association at South Kensington.



1. Entrance Gate of Prison. 2. Commandant's House. 3. Monument to French Prisoners of War. 4. Prisoners Working as Tailors. 5. Working as Carpenters. 6. Punishment: Pumping Air.
(The iron plate, with a round opening and sliding lid, is one of those on the doors of the cells, contrived for the jailors to observe the prisoners.)



THE END OF THE CHAPTER.
DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 9, 1876) and five codicils of her Grace Caroline, Duchess Dowager of Cleveland, widow of William, third Duke, who died on Nov. 1 last, has been proved by the executors, the Hon. William Lowther, M.P., the Right Hon. George Cavendish Bentinck, M.P., and Charles Thorold Fane, Esq., of No. 1, Fleet-street, banker, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £434,000. By the will and codicils her Grace bequeaths a complimentary legacy of £500 to each executor, and the following legacies—viz: to Major-General Meyrick, £25,000; to Charles Thorold Fane, Esq., £5000; to Henry Morgan Fane, Esq., £5000; to Admiral Sir E. A. Inglefield, C.B., £500; to her solicitor, Mr. G. L. Parkin, £500; to her personal medical attendant, H. H. Bovill, Esq., £300; and to her executors, £5000, in trust, with the fullest discretionary powers, for the benefit of Mr. William Poulett; and, after liberally providing for all her domestic and outdoor servants, her Grace bequeaths all her plate, household goods, pictures, jewels, &c., to her nephew, the Hon. William Lowther (and in the event of his death to Charles Thorold Fane, Esq.), trusting to his affectionate regard for her to distribute the same in accordance with any note or memorandum she may have left for his guidance, and, after bequeathing her residence, No. 69, Brook-street, to her niece, the Right Hon. Lady Augusta Noel, wife of the Right Hon. Gerard Noel, M.P., for her separate use, her Grace directs the residue of her property to be divided into four equal parts, and bequeaths one portion to the Hon. William Lowther, absolutely; one portion to Henry William Forester, Esq., son of the late Lady Louisa Forester, the eldest sister of her Grace's late husband, absolutely; one other portion to Lady Augusta Noel, for her separate use; and the remaining portion is left, in trust, for her Grace's great-nieces, Constantia, wife of Edmund Fane, Esq., Miss Evelyn Wood, and Janet, now the wife of Major J. R. Slade, R.A., C.B., in equal shares. All legacies are duty free, save on the house in Brook-street, which her Grace directs shall be paid by the legatee.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1877), with a codicil (dated June 3, 1880), of the Right Hon. Augustus Henry, Lord Vernon, D.L., late of Sudbury, Derbyshire, who died on May 1 last, at No. 17, Dover-street, was proved on the 21st ult. by the Hon. Edward Keppel Wentworth Coke, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £65,000. The testator leaves to his wife, the Right Hon. Harriet Frances Maria, Baroness Vernon, in addition to her jointure and any other provision made for her, all his letters, papers, and manuscripts, the Dante papers of his late father, £5000, his wines and household stores, jewellery, horses, carriages, and harness, and the furniture, china, glass, and household goods at any of his residences, except Sudbury; he also leaves certain plate and plated articles to her for life, and then to his son second in seniority; all his other plate, the china presented to him by the French Government, and the furniture, pictures, and effects at Sudbury Hall are to go as his wife shall appoint, and in default of such appointment with the Sudbury estates. To his valet he bequeaths £200 and six months' wages; and legacies to his other domestic servants and the persons employed in his stables. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided in equal shares between all his children, except his eldest son, George William Henry, who succeeds to the settled family estates, and his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Mildred Stanhope, who was provided for on her marriage. The testator desires to be buried at Sudbury, and to be carried to the grave by

twelve labourers on the estate, who are to be paid £1 each; the funeral to be without ostentation or parade of horses, plumes, hatbands, or scarves, or of any other description; and no hatchment to be put up at any of his residences.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1878) with codicil (dated July 21, 1879), of Mr. William Williamson Willink, late of No. 3, Hyde Park-street, who died on Dec. 11 last, has been proved by Henry George Willink (son) and Miss Georgiana Elizabeth Nicholls (sister-in-law), the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to above £147,000. The testator leaves £100 Consols to the official trustees of charitable funds, in trust for the poor of the parishes of Huyton and Roby, near Liverpool, and legacies of £1000 to each of his brothers and sisters in law or their families. Besides other legacies to servants and others (including one to his cousin, Mr. Jan Abraham Willink), he further bequeaths to Miss G. E. Nicholls, for her life, his household furniture, plate, and effects, and £10,000 Birmingham Canal Stock. The residue of his personal property he leaves to his two sons, William Nicholls Willink and Henry George Willink.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1883) of General John Lawrenson, Colonel 13th Hussars, who died on Oct. 30 last, at the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park, was proved on the 11th ult. by Major-General Edward Howard Vyse and Colonel John Grant Kinloch, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £41,000. The testator gives an annuity of £620 to his sister Mrs. Jane Simson Aynsworth; annuities of £300 each to his sister Miss Emma Duncan Lawrenson and to his niece Miss Georgina Margaret Lawrenson, with certain benefits of survivorship; and legacies to his executors, to a friend, and to his groom. The ultimate residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his two nieces, Jemima Ramsay Aynsworth and Mrs. Mary Agnes Lawrenson Payne Collier, in equal moieties.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1883) of Mr. Richard Baring, late of Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, who died on Nov. 15 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by Colonel Robert Baring, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. The testator leaves his share and interest in the Sheen estate, Ceylon, to his said brother, and some other legacies. All the property which he has power to appoint under the will of his father, Thomas Baring, and the residue of his personal estate, are to be divided between his brothers, Robert, Evelyn, and Walter, and his sister, Cecilia, Lady Suffield.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1877), with two codicils (dated Oct. 22, 1878, and May 20, 1882), of Mr. John Davison, formerly of the India Office, Whitehall, but late of the Langham Hotel, who died on Nov. 2 last at the Reform Club, was proved on the 1st ult. by Nicolas Harris Nicolas and Charles Campbell Prinsep, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator leaves £500 to his executor, Mr. Nicolas; £100 to his executor, Mr. Prinsep; and the residue of his estate, real as well as personal, to his wife, Mrs. Hebe Davison.

The will (dated March 1, 1883) with a codicil (dated Oct. 12 following) of Mr. Thomas Pickworth, late of No. 17, Notting-hill-terrace, Notting-hill, who died on Nov. 12 last, was proved on the 8th ult. by Rowland Pickworth, the son, and William Coates, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Aged Pilgrims Friends Society, an annuity to his sister, and a legacy to a niece. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided in equal fifth parts between his son, Rowland Pickworth, and his daughters, Mrs. Susan Coates, Mrs. Keziah Cowley, Mrs. Sarah Varley, and Mrs. Hannah Fenn.

SKETCHES IN CASHMERE.

The recent visit of Lord Ripon, the Viceroy of India, to the feudatory Province of Cashmere gives additional interest to our Sketches of the scenery, and of some remarkable buildings at Srinagar, the capital city. It is a mountainous country, 400 miles long and 280 miles broad, situated north and east of the Punjab, and adjacent to Thibet; but the cultivated and inhabited districts consist of the upper valley of the Jhelum, a tributary of the Indus, and several pieces of table-land, about 200 ft. above the level of the valley. The whole is inclosed by high mountain ranges, those to the south being covered with cedar and pine forests, while those of the Thibetan frontier are rugged and bare, with precipices and distant snowy peaks. None of the passes into Cashmere are traversed by carriage roads; but the country is entered from the Punjab either by the Bimber route, near Jhelum, or by those of Punch and Baramula, passing near Rawul Pindi and Murree, in the north-west corner of the Punjab. Srinagar is a very ancient city, with a population of about 100,000, covering both banks of the river for a length of four miles, but the streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses in a wretched condition. There is a beautiful lake, five miles long and two or three miles wide, close to the city, connected with the river by artificial canals, with stone walls along their margin, which pass through the crowded parts of the town, and which have even reminded some travellers of Venice. The Shalimar Gardens, on the banks of the lake, celebrated by Moore in his poem of "Lalla Rookh," still exhibit a noble grove of old plane-trees, and a fine pavilion built of black marble, with a cascade and a number of fountains. The view of the Takht-i-Suleiman, one of many hills and mountains so-called in Asia, and of Huri Parbut on the opposite side, lends dignity to the scene at this place. Boating parties on the lake, on the canals, and on the river are a favourite diversion of the citizens of Srinagar; and the Maharajah's state barge is frequently seen upon these waters. The principal edifices in Srinagar, besides the Maharajah's Palace, where Lord Ripon was entertained by that Prince, are the Jama Masjid, or great mosque, a vast building of brick, upon a stone foundation, with pillars supporting a wooden dome and spire; the mosque of Shah Hamedan, constructed of wood, somewhat in the Chinese style of architecture; and the tomb of a queen who reigned in the fifteenth century, which is a massive dome of brick, having no pretensions to elegance or majesty. The numerous bridges, formed entirely of logs of timber, are a notable feature of the views along the river and canals, the banks of which are planted with willows and poplars. The townspeople are partly employed in the manufacture of Cashmere shawls, and there is a considerable trade in wool from Ladak, or Middle Thibet, as well as trade with the Punjab.

Mr. C. J. Hudson, of Gloucester, has been appointed Town Clerk of Wakefield, at a salary of £500 per annum, in the place of the late Mr. H. Morgan.

The collective shipments to this country of foreign live stock and fresh meat from the United States and Canada landed at Liverpool during the first week of the present year amounted to 861 cattle, 850 sheep, 100 hogs, 7598 quarters of beef, and 1306 carcasses of mutton. The figures show a large fall-off in the arrivals of both live stock and fresh meat when compared with the imports of latter weeks of the preceding year, more particularly with regard to live stock, which arrived in very small numbers last week.

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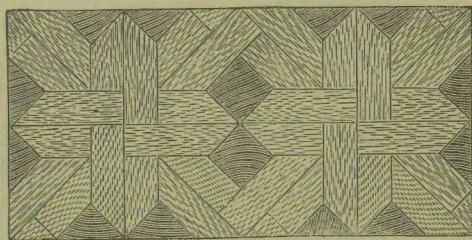
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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

NUBIAN OIL PASTE BLACKING.

Same as now supplied by us to her Majesty's Government. In TEN BOXES.—Will keep moist in any climate. Gives much better polish than all others with less brushing. Prepared in a special manner by our new and improved steam machinery.

Sold Everywhere, 1d., 2d., and 3d. per Tin.

ONCE TRIED ALWAYS USED.

NUBIAN JAPAN BLACKING.

In STONE BOTTLES.—Gives a most brilliant and lasting polish, and will retain its qualities in any climate, while at the same time it nourishes and preserves the leather.

Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.

USE NO OTHER.

LADIES' PET BOOT POLISH.

A Vegetable Dressing, especially for Ladies' Use, easily applied with sponge attached to cork. Does not harden or crack the leather, or peel off, and even in wet weather will not soil the most delicate clothing.

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BE SURE AND ASK FOR THE "PET."

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FOR DELICIOUS SCOTCH PORRIDGE.

It is higher-priced but better value than the inferior qualities commonly sold in England.

Packets 4 oz., 8 oz., and 16 oz., and Calico Bags, 4-lb. and 7 lb. With Directions for use. To be obtained by order from any family grocer.

Johnston's Corn Flour is the Best.

To Promote
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Circulation.
To Stimulate
the Organic
Action.

ALL IN SEARCH OF HEALTH SHOULD WEAR THE PALL-MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION'S (21, Holborn Viaduct, London) ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

To
Assist
Digestion.
To Renew
Vital
Energy.

Universally approved by the Leading Physicians as the Best, Safest, and most Effectual Remedy for
SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DERANGEMENTS, CONSTIPATION, LOSS OF NERVE POWER, DEFICIENT VITAL ENERGY, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS, EPILEPSY, PARALYSIS, HYSTERIA, INDIGESTION, SLUGGISH LIVER, ETC.
And has cured some of the most obstinate and distressing cases, after all other Remedies (so-called) have failed. **THE Electric Current it produces IS THE BEST TONIC IN THE WORLD.**

TESTIMONIALS.

The attention of LADIES is directed to the following
HIGHLY SATISFACTORY CASE, which is worthy of the
closest investigation by all who suffer from these distressing
irregularities.

From Mrs. J. HAWKEY, 16, Matilda-street, Barnsbury.
"I have received great benefit since wearing your
ELECTROPATHIC BELT. Wearing it has improved my
health every way. I fail to express in words the satisfaction
it gives me. I have not felt so well for years as I have since
wearing your Belt. I was under the care of a physician for
six months, suffering from the usual irregularities inci-
dental to debility and bad circulation. I was despairing of
ever feeling well again, when I was recommended your
ELECTROPATHIC BELT. I cannot say enough in favour
of it, but I shall be glad to communicate with any lady who
would like further particulars of my case."

MENTAL DEPRESSION AND NERVOUS DEBILITY.

From Mr. RICHARD SMITH, 29, Westmoreland-street
Middleham, Skipton, Yorkshire.

"Oct. 30, 1883.
"I beg to tender you my best thanks for the benefit I have
received from wearing your appliances. My appetite has
improved, the food I take does me more good, and the
intense mental depression and nervous debility from which
I suffered is fast disappearing."

KIDNEY DISEASE.

Sergeant-Major A. N. SHILLINGFORD, Duncan-road
Ramsgate, writes:

"The benefit I have derived from wearing your
ELECTROPATHIC BELT has astonished everyone who
knows my case (Kidney Disease). The Excruciating Pain
was lulled, and I can now sleep soundly. I really think you
have been the means of adding to the length of my days.
Accept my sincere gratitude."

LUMBAGO.

From H. NEVILL, Esq., 3, Victoria-mansions, Hove,
Brighton.

"Dec. 2, 1883.
"I have derived considerable benefit from wearing the
ELECTROPATHIC BELT I had from you a few months ago.
It is as a relief from Lumbago, and it has answered the
purpose. I should strongly recommend anyone suffering
from this disorder to wear one of your Belts."

RHEUMATISM.

From Mr. GEORGE CHARLES CRABB, Donisthorpe
Colliery, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

"Dec. 15, 1883.
"Since using the ELECTROPATHIC BELT I have had
no pains in my limbs, and the stiffness has entirely dis-
appeared. I have had Rheumatic Fever six times, so that
the Rheumatism had got a firm hold of my body. It is a
permanent cure, as I never felt so lithesome since 1875, so I
can vouch for the benefit to be gained."

THE PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, 21, Holborn Viaduct, London.

**CURES
DYSPEPSIA
CURES
SCIATICA**

**1,000 TESTIMONIALS
MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION
TO
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**BEWARE
OF
FRAUDULENT
IMITATIONS**

**NO ACID
REQUIRED
WILL LAST
FOR YEARS.**

**ONLY
GENUINE
BELT
EXTANT.**

**PRICE
21/-
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**CURES
RHEUMATISM
CURES
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NATURE'S
REMEDY
ELECTRICITY**

**CIROPATHIC
BELT**

**AWAY
WITH
QUACK
NOSTRUMS**

IMPORTANT TO INVALIDS—The Consulting Medical Officers of the Association, qualified and
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sultation (personally or by letter), at the **PRIVATE CONSULTATION ROOMS** of the Pall Mall Electric Association, 21, Holborn
Viaduct, London. An Experienced Lady is also in attendance Daily.
Residents at a distance should send for a Private Advice Form, post free.

THE PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, 21, Holborn Viaduct, London.

TESTIMONIALS.

EPILEPSY.

Rev. C. AUBREY, Osmore Vale, Bridgend, writes,
July 20, 1883.
"The appliances I received from you for my lady friend
three weeks ago have done her a great deal of good in regard
to Epilepsy. Instead of having the fits at the rate of six or
seven a day, she has had none since."

SCIATICA.

Mrs. M. A. BURTON, Lower Kingston, Ringwood, writes:
"My husband for many weeks suffered severely from
Sciatica, and after suffering intensely for nine weeks, during
which time he was almost entirely confined to the sofa, he
sent for one of your ELECTROPATHIC BELTS. The day
after he put it on the pain entirely left him, leaving only a
weakness, which gradually wore off, and he has had no return
of pain since.—Aug. 7, 1883."

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

W. W. PUTTICK, 62, Douglas-terrace, Newcastle-on-
Tyne, Sept. 12, 1883, writes:

"On May 6, 1883, Mrs. Puttick was very ill with Bronchitis
and Asthma, and her recovery was doubtful—we had to prop
her up with pillows. She could retain nothing on her stomach
but a little weak brandy and champagne. The interval
between the coughing fits did not exceed fifteen minutes.
Under these conditions, I wrote for your ELECTROPATHIC
LUNG INVIGORATOR. I have now to inform you that
Mrs. Puttick is better than she has been for thirty years, and
her cough and asthma entirely gone."

From Dr. C. LEMPRIERE, D.C.L., &c., St. John's College,
Oxford.

"I beg to testify that the ELECTROPATHIC BELT you
sent to my order has completely answered not only as the
best Curative, but, I dare to think, I receive. I contracted
some years ago, in Syria, Periodic Rheumatism, which
rendered me peculiarly sensitive of atmospheric change. I
can, therefore, speak positively on the advantages the Belt
affords; nor is my experience singular, as I constantly receive
testimony from others similarly affected.—Yours faithfully,
CHAS. LEMPRIERE, D.C.L."

Dr. JOHN G. GIBSON, writes:

"I prescribe it for my patients with the happiest results.
Its cures are unquestionable.—Dr. JOHN G. GIBSON."

Dr. WILLS, Crewkerne, writes:

"Your ELECTROPATHIC BELT is the best of its kind
that I have ever seen. Many of my patients speak very
highly of it, and I have witnessed some remarkable cures in
cases of Rheumatism and Nervous Debility. The invention
is, I think, very valuable."

Please forward size round the waist when ordering the
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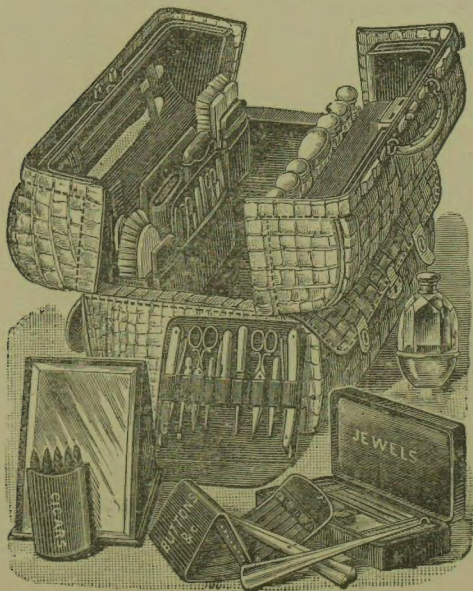
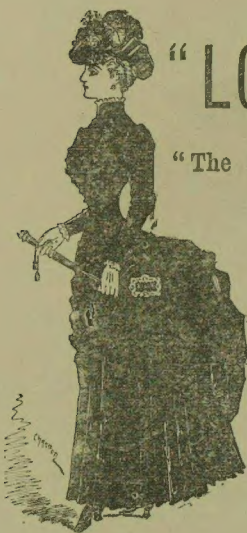
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merit the approbation of all artists, as the tone is full as well as
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entire range, answering to every requirement of the pianist."
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desired.

"We, the undersigned, after having seen and most con-
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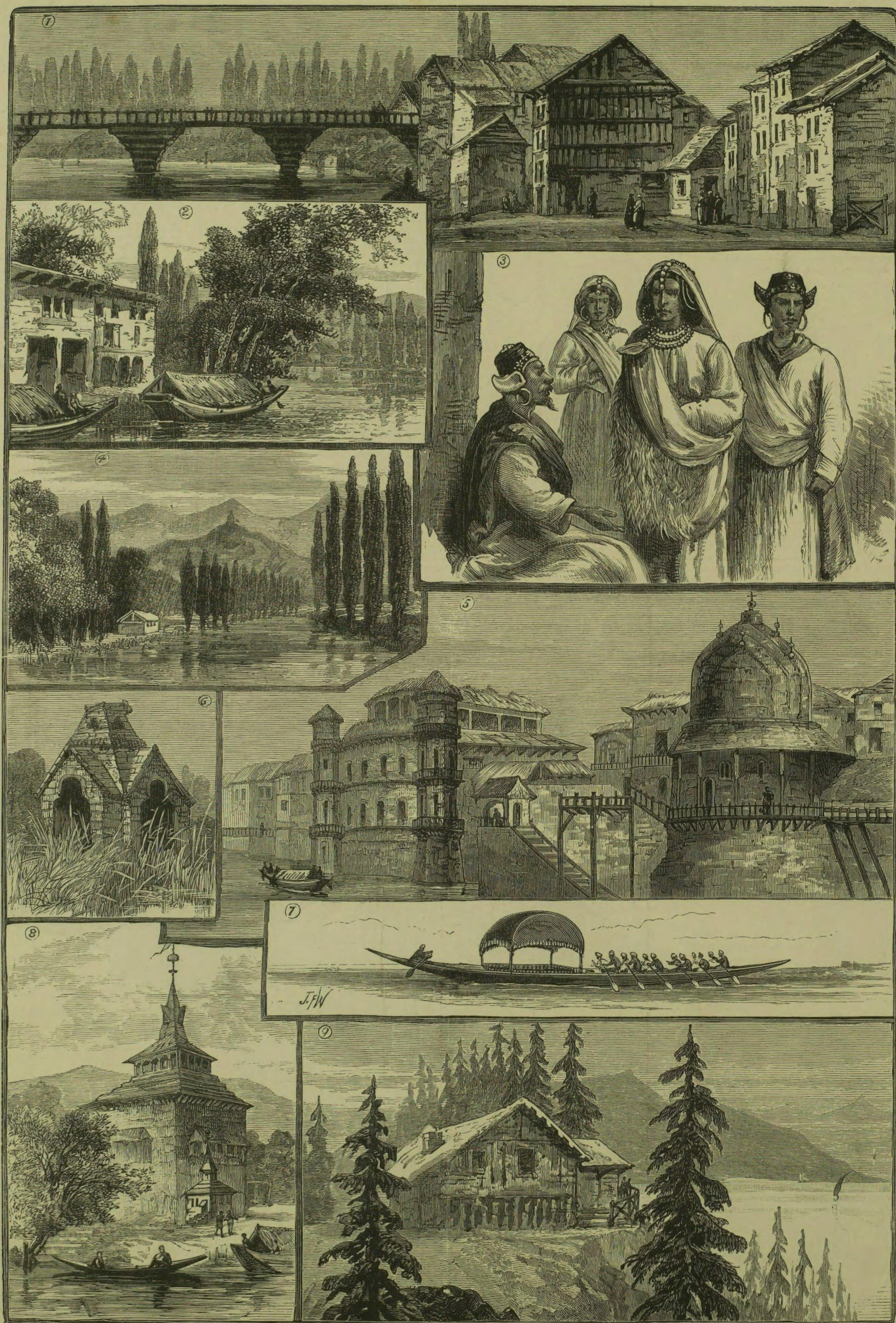
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"In every way highly satisfactory. Quality of tone, a sen-

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